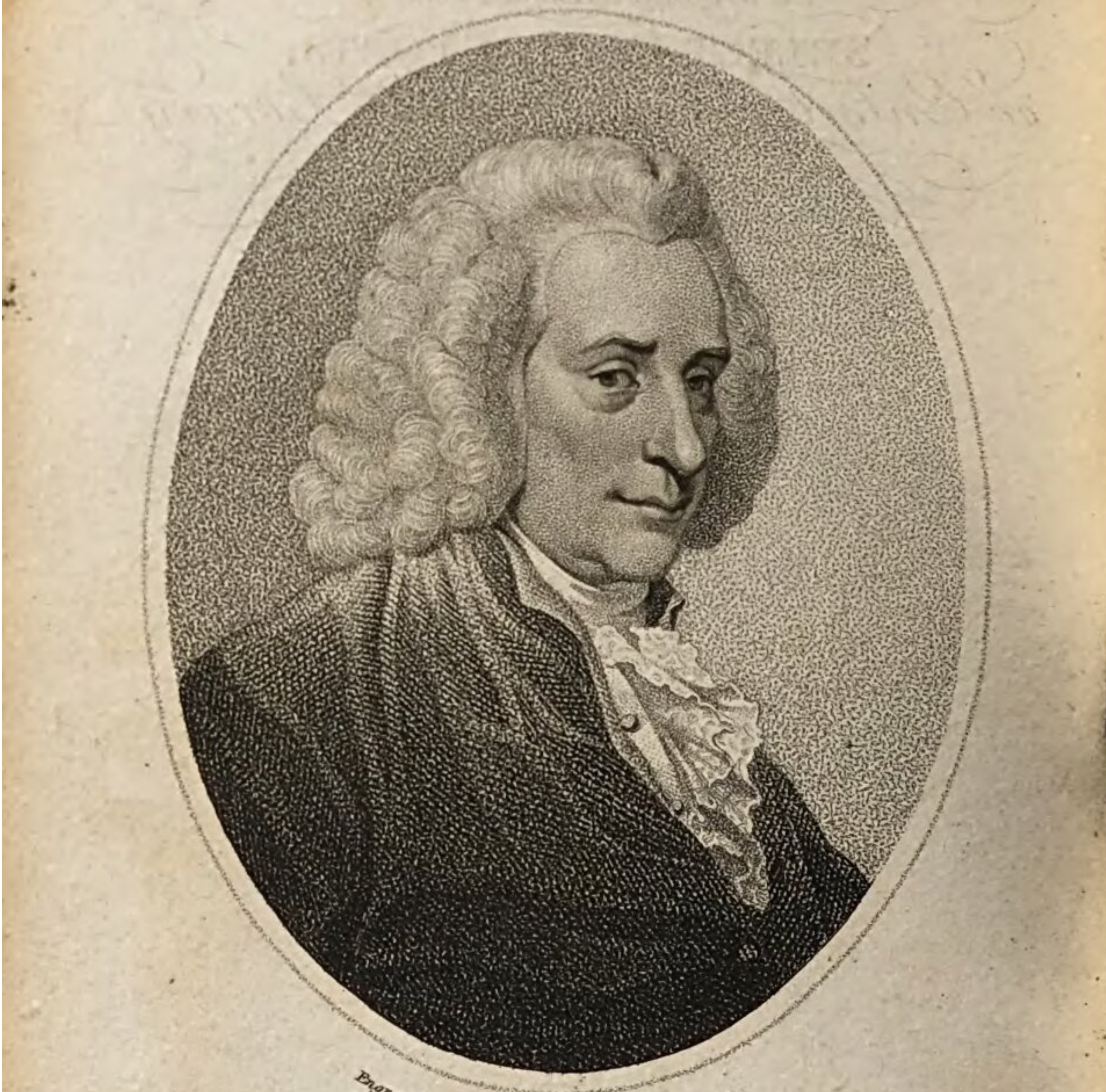

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ARMSTRONG.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

J. ARMSTRONG, M. D.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Daughter of Pæon, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia!——O deſcend
Thou cheerful Guardian of the rolling year!——
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture ſwells the breaſt, no poet ſings,
No more the Maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddeſs heav'nly gay!
Begin the ſong, and let it ſweetly flow.——
——With thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Thro' paths the Muſes never trod before.

Art of Health.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoſter-Row,
And ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great Britain.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

CONTAINING HIS

ART OF HEALTH,	TASTE, AN EPISTLE,
IN FOUR BOOKS,	IMIT. OF SHAKESPEARE,
BENEVOLENCE, AN EPISTLE,	IMIT. OF SPENSER,

&c. &c. &c.

Not in vain ſuch Labours have we try'd
If ought theſe Lays the fickle Health confirm.
To you, ye Delicate! I write, for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares,
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps.

Art of Health.

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG was born at Caſtleton, in Roxburgh-ſhire, North Britain, about the year 1709. His father and brother were Miniſters of the Church of Scotland, and much reſpected as able divines and valuable members of ſociety. Our Author, having paſſed through the ordinary courſe of claſſical education, was ſent to compleat his ſtudies to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, where he applied himſelf to the cultivation of the ſeveral branches of philoſophy and medicine, under the reſpective profeſſors; and from the reputation he had acquired he obtained the degree of Doctor of Phyſic, Feb. 4, 1732. He ſoon afterwards came to London, and entered upon the practice of phyſic; but never attained to an eminence of popularity in his profeſſion, being more ſucceſsful in his poetical than medical capacity.

In 1735, he publiſhed an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "An Eſſay for abridging the Study of Phyſic, to which is added, a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury, and Plato, relating to the practice of phyſic, as it is managed by a certain illuſtrious Society;" and an Epiſtle from Uſbec, the Perſian, to Joſhua Ward, Eſq. with a Dedication "To the Academic Philoſophers, to the Generous Deſpiſers of the Schools, to the deſervedly celebrated Joſhua Ward, John Moor, and the reſt of the numerous ſect of inſpired phyſicians." This fugitive piece intended to ſatirize the empirics of the day, among whom Ward had attained to the higheſt degree of popularity, and been patronized by the King, contains much wit and pleaſantry, and the Dialogue, in the opinion of the literati, poſſeſſes a great degree of the ſpirit of Lucian.

In 1737, he publiſhed a "Synopſis of the Hiſtory and Cure of the Venereal Diſeaſe:" inſcribed to Dr. Alexander Stuart, in a dedication, repreſenting that profeſſor as "a perſon who had an indiſputable right to judge ſeverely of the performance preſented to him."

The ſame year he produced his celebrated Poem, called "The Economy of Love," which has much merit; though it partakes in too great a degree of the licentiouſneſs of Ovid, from whoſe work of the Art of Love, the deſign appears to have been taken. The Poem paſſed through many Editions, more, there is reaſon to apprehend, to the emolument of the bookſeller than the benefit of the reader. In juſtice, however, to the character of the Author, it is to be obſerved, that, when his judgment ripened with his years, it underwent a reviſion,

in 1768, and many of the luxuriancies of youthful fancy were expunged.

In 1744, he publiſhed "The Art of Preſerving Health, a Didactic Poem," a work in which the critics admit there is a claſſical correctneſs and cloſeneſs of ſtile that are truly admirable. This Poem laid the foundation of his fame, and will be a laſting monument of his poetical talents, as well as ſkill in the medical Art.

In 1746, he was appointed one of the phyſicians to the Hoſpital, for lame and ſick ſoldiers, behind Buckingham Houſe; and, in the courſe of a few years, produced ſeveral little pieces, among which were a Poem "on Benevolence," and another called "Taſte, an Epiſtle to a Young Critic;" ſoon after which he was complimented in an elegant Ode, addreſſed to him by Dr. Theobald.—His Sketches or Eſſays on Various Subjects, by Launcelot Temple, Eſq. being replete with humour, and indicating a general knowledge of mankind, had a very rapid ſale; he is ſhrewdly ſuſpected of having derived much aſſiſtance in this work from the abilities of his friend Mr. Wilkes.

Soon after he was appointed phyſician to the army in Germany, which was in 1760, he wrote a Poem called "Day, an Epiſtle to John Wilkes, of Ayleſbury, Eſq." It appears from the prefatory advertiſement, that it was publiſhed without the knowledge or conſent of the Author, or of his friend to whom it is addreſſed. In this poem he wantonly hazarded a reflection on Churchill, which drew on him the vengeance of that ſevere Satiriſt. The reflection is contained in the following lines:

"What news to day? I aſk you not what rogue,
"What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue,
"What forward blundering fool was laſt preferr'd,
"By mere pretence diſtinguiſh'd from the herd:
"With what new cheat the gaping town is ſmit,
"What *crazy* ſcribbler reigns the preſent wit;
"What ſtuff for winter the two Booths have mixt,
"What bouncing mimic gives a Roſciad next.

Churchill incenſed at this reflection on his firſt and favourite Poem of the "Roſciad," took occaſion in his laſt piece, "The Journey," after referring to thoſe who had hinted that he ſhould "run his ſtock of genius out," to conclude the catalogue of ſome contemporary writers who had obtained what he thought unmerited celebrity, with theſe pointed lines upon Armſtrong.

"Let them with *Armſtrong*, taking leave of ſenſe,
"Read muſty lectures on *Benevolence*;

" Or con the pages of his gaping *Day*,
" Where all his former tame was thrown away;
" Where all but barren labour was forgot,
" And the vain ſtiffneſs of a letter'd Scot.
" Let them with Armſtrong paſs the term of light,
" But not one hour of darkneſs, when the night
" Suſpends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
" When for our paſt miſdoings conſcience takes
" A deep revenge: when by reflection led
" She draws his curtain, and looks comfort dead,
" Let every Muſe be gone; in vain he turns
" And tries to pray for ſleep; an *Ætna* burns,
" A more than *Ætna* in his coward breaſt,
" And guilt with vengeance arm'd forbids him reſt;
" Though ſoft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
" His couch ſeems hard, and no relief can bring,
" *Ingratitude* hath planted daggers there,
" No good man can deſerve, no brave man bear."

It is obſerved by a friend of Armſtrong, that he certainly afforded " the original cauſe of offence, but the retaliation was unjuſtifiably ſevere. Armſtrong was incapable of the crime with which he is charged, and the imputation of ingratitude will never obſcure the character of a humane, benevolent, kindly-affectioned man of genius, whoſe great offence was his attachment to the party in oppoſition to Mr. Wilkes and his friends." Nothing, indeed, has proved more fatal to the intercourſe of friends than a diſagreement in politics. The intimacy which had ſubſiſted between Armſtrong and Wilkes was certainly interrupted, if not diſſolved, by the demon of party.

When the peace was concluded in 1763, he quitted the army, and reſumed the practice of phyſic, in London; which, from his indolence and inactivity, as was generally ſuppoſed, never tended much to his emolument. Armſtrong was a man of extenſive knowledge, and a liberal turn of mind, and could not ſubmit to the mean arts of inſinuation and cajoling, to conciliate the favour of old nurſes and goſſips, which have often proved effectual in recommending young practitioners. He was rather diſpoſed to paſs his time at home in reading and ſtudy, and to ſpend his evenings in the ſociety of men of genius and learning, by which means he might at once receive and communicate uſeful and entertaining knowledge and inſtruction.

In 1770, he publiſhed a collection of *Miſcellanies*, containing the pieces he had formerly produced ſeparately, except the

Economy

Economy of Love, and *Day*, with *Imitations of Shakeſpeare*, and *Spencer*, the *Univerſal Almanack*, by *Nouraddin Ali*, *The Forced Marriage*, a Tragedy, *Sketches*, &c.

In an advertiſement to his collection, he ſays he "has at laſt taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inſpection, a taſk that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have ſubmitted himſelf at laſt, but for the fear of their being ſome time hereafter, expoſed in a ragged, mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had, when it might be poſſible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the moſt contemptible nonſenſe. Along with ſuch pieces as he had formerly offered the public, he took this opportunity of preſenting it with ſeveral others; ſome of which had lain by him many years. What he has loſt, and eſpecially what he has deſtroyed, would probably enough have been better received by the great majority of readers than any thing he has publiſhed. But he never courted the public. He wrote chiefly for his own amuſement; and becauſe he found it an agreeable and innocent way of ſometimes ſpending an idle hour. He has always moſt heartily deſpiſed the *mobility*, from the loweſt to the higheſt; and, if it is true, what he has ſometimes been told, that the beſt judges are on his ſide, he deſires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the beſt judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worſt too of the next will favour him with their's, when, by Heaven's grace, he will be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praiſes to receive any diſguſt from them."

His Sketches and Eſſays diſcover genius and learning; but their merits are eclipſed by the introduction of vulgar phraſes, and ſcurrilous epithets.—

His Tragedy of the *Forced Marriage* was offered to Garrick for repreſentation on the ſtage; but refuſed by him without aſſigning any reaſon—There is ſome animation in this piece; but it does not appear to be conducted with much judgment.

In 1771, he produced a work entitled, *A Short Ramble through ſome parts of France and Italy, by Launcelot Temple*, Eſq. and, in 1773, a Pamphlet in his own name, called *Medical Eſſays*. This little ſketch, in which he ſtates the cauſes of his not being ſo popular in his profeſſion as many practitioners, and amongſt others cites his not being able to employ the uſual means of flattery and cajoling, from an inherent pride and an exceſs of ſenſibility. He complains much of the illeberality of ſome of his brethren, and the ſeverity of the critics, and particularly of the reviewers.

He died in September 1779, and, to the ſurpriſe of his friends,

friends, left behind him upwards of 3000l. ſaved by great parſimony out of a very moderate income, ariſing principally out of his half-pay.

No Edition of his Miſcellanies has been called for ſince his death; but his "Art of Preſerving Health," has been frequently reprinted, and with his other poetical pieces, except the "Economy of Love," was received into the Edition of Engliſh Poets, in 1790. It was omitted from its immoral tendency, and we have rejected it from the ſame motive.

The following Verſes on the death of Dr. Armſtrong, appeared in one of the public prints ſoon after that event.

"Ye ſwains of *Liddal*, as you drive your ſheep,
"To verdant paſtures, or the ruſſet ſteep;
"If yet a Muſe on Liddal's banks remain,
"For tuneful Armſtrong make the plaintive ſtrain.
"Tho' from you long, long from the limpid wave,
"In which he lov'd his infant limbs to lave:
"Long from the pool, where oft' with mimic fly,
"He patient angled for the ſilver fry;
"Yet were his manners artleſs as your own,
"As plain as he the world had never known.
"The world he ſcorn'd, for well he knew to ſcan
"The crooked views of narrow minded man.
"Ye ſons of Galen, tho' he lack'd not ſkill
"Like you, by ſlow and ſecret means to kill,
"He ſought to ſave, he ſought to heal the frame,
"And breath'd Nepenthe in poetic flame.
"From breezy ſummit, or fair op'ning lawn,
"He bade his patients hail the cheerful dawn;
"Their villas build wide from the marſhy mead,
"But chief where bees on fragrant wild thyme feed:
"As death itſelf avoid the ſmoaky town;
"Reſiſt th' enfeebling luxury of down:
"Far from the breaſt all rankling cares expel,
"And there invite content, and hope to dwell."

The character of Armſtrong was amiable, and of courſe reſpectable. He was the intimate friend of Thomſon, and his coadjutor in the compoſition of his admirable Poem, "The Caſtle of Indolence;" ſtanza the ſixty-eighth was written by Armſtrong. "Though the Doctor (Thomſon writes his friend) Paterſon, increaſes in his buſineſs, he does not decreaſe in ſpleen; but there is a certain kind of ſpleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jaques in the play." Thomſon has deſcribed his abſent moods in the "Caſtle of Indolence," ſtanza ten.

"With

" With him was ſometimes join'd in ſilent walk,
" Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke,
" One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk,
" Oft' ſtang by ſpleen, at once away he broke
" To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
" There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
" And on himſelf his penſive fury woke;
" He never utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
" The glittering ſtar of eve—thank Heav'n the day is done.—

The Doctor lived in habits of intimacy with moſt of the men of wit and learning in his time; amongſt whom were Dr. Grainger, Sir John Pringle, Mr. Fuſeli, and others.

Dr. Johnſon's Life of Armſtrong can hardly be called even a Sketch, as he ſpeaks of him very little as an Author, and not at all as a man. His name is mentioned very reſpectably by ſeveral characters eminent for their profeſſional and literary abilities.

Dr. Cuming, of Dorcheſter, in a letter to a friend, ſpeaks of him in the following terms: " I was early acquainted with Dr. Armſtrong, have often viſited him at his lodgings, knew many of his intimates, have met him in company; but from my having viſited the metropolis ſo ſeldom ſince my reſidence in Dorſetſhire, I was not ſo well acquainted with him as I ſhould otherwiſe have been, or wiſhed to be. He always appeared to me (and I was confirmed in that opinion by that of his moſt intimate friends) a man of learning and genius, of conſiderable abilities in his profeſſion, of great benevolence and goodneſs of heart; and therefore totally unqualified to employ the means that uſually lead to medical employment, or elbow his way through a crowd of competitors."——

His *Art of Preſerving Health*, on account of the reputation it has ſo juſtly acquired, precludes all criticiſm. It is of the higheſt ſpecies of didactic poetry, and of a merit and character ſo great, as to rank with the compoſitions of Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Boileau, Akenſide, Dyer, and Grainger. Akenſide has attempted the moſt rich and poetical form of didactic writing in his " Pleaſures of Imagination," and in ſeveral parts ſucceeded happily, and diſplayed much genius. Armſtrong has not aimed at ſo high a ſtrain as Akenſide; but he is more equal, and maintains throughout a chaſte and correct elegance.

" To deſcribe ſo difficult a thing gracefully and poetically, (ſays Dr. Warton, in his Reflections on Didactic Poetry,) as the effects of a diſtemper on a human body, was reſerved for Dr. Armſtrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed it at the

end

end of his Third Book of his *Art of Preſerving Health*, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the Sweating Sickneſs. There is a claſſical correctneſs and cloſeneſs of ſtile in this Poem, that are truly admirable, and the ſubject is raiſed and adorned by numberleſs poetical images."

"Of all the poetical performances on this ſubject, (ſays Dr. Mackenzie, in his Hiſtory of Health,) that have come to my hands, Dr. Armſtrong's *Art of Preſerving Health* is by far the beſt. To quote every charming deſcription and beautiful paſſage of this Poem, one muſt tranſcribe the whole. We cannot, however, expect new rules where the principal deſign was to raiſe and warm the heart into a compliance with the ſolid precepts of the ancients, which he has enforced with great ſtrength and elegance." The Doctor concludes his eulogium with remarking that, "upon the whole, he has convinced us by his own example, that we ought not to blame antiquity for acknowledging

"One power of phyſic, melody, and ſong."

Finis.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Pieces has at laſt taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inſpection, a taſk that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have ſubmitted himſelf at laſt but for the ſake of preventing their being, ſome time hereafter, expoſed in a ragged mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had, while it might be impoſſible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the moſt contemptible nonſenſe.

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THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1744.

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia!* whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant Nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth, auspicious O descend
Thou cheerful Guardian of the rolling year!
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracks
Of air, thro' earth and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue serenity of heav'n
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd, the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the fluid'ring air; whatever plagues
Or meagre Famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth, and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot or moist and dry produce,
They fly thy pure effulgence, they and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heav'n,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedless Pleasure; or if aught

* Hygeia the goddess of Health was, according to the genealogy of the Heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius, who as well as Apollo was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

The comet's glare amid the burning ſky,
Mournful eclipſe, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend diſaſtrous to the vital world,
Thy ſalutary pow'r averts their rage,
Averts the gen'ral bane; and but for thee
Nature would ſicken, Nature ſoon would die.
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture ſwells the breaſt, no poet ſings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me O Goddeſs heav'nly gay!
Begin the ſong, and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſome laws;
" How beſt the fickle fabric to ſupport
" Of mortal man; in healthful body how
" A healthful mind the longeſt to maintain."
'Tis hard in ſuch a ſtrife of rules to chuſe
The beſt, and thoſe of moſt extenſive uſe;
Harder in clear and animated ſong,
Dry philoſophic precepts to convey:
Yet with thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Thro' paths the Muſes never trod before.
Nor ſhould I wander doubtful of my way
Had I the lights of that ſagacious mind
Which taught to check the peſtilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the Healing Pow'rs,
Indulge O Mead! a well-deſign'd Eſſay,
Howe'er imperfect, and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country ſhare,
Till you the rich Aſclepian ſtores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
Ye who amid this fev'riſh world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
Fly the rank city, ſhun its turbid air,
Breathe not the chaos of eternal ſmoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, ſick'ning, and the living, world
Exhal'd, to ſully Heav'n's tranſparent dome

With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thouſand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The ſpoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of Nature, when from ſhape and texture ſhe
Relapſes into fighting elements;
It is not Air, but floats a nauſeous maſs
Of all obſcene, corrupt, offenſive, things.
Much moiſture hurts; but here a ſordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The ſolid frame than ſimple moiſture can.
Beſides, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze,
This ſlumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt; and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thund'ring chimnies, tame
The putrid ſteams that overſwarm the ſky,
This cauſtic venom would perhaps corrode
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital Air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd,
Or by the drunken venous tubes that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious ſkin
Imbib'd, would poiſon the balſamic blood,
And rouſe the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.
While yet you breathe away; the rural wilds
Invite, the mountains call you, and the vales,
The woods, the ſtreams, and each ambroſial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating ſky,
A kindly ſky! whoſe foſt'ring pow'r regales
Man, beaſt, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then ſome woodland ſcene where Nature ſmiles
Benign, where all her honeſt children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy ſeat:
Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windſor ſits;
There chuſe thy ſeat, in ſome aſpiring grove

Faſt by the ſlowly winding Thames, or where
Broader ſhe laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond! that ſees an hundred villas riſe
Rural or gay.) O from the ſummer's rage,
O wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But if the buſy Town
Attract thee ſtill to toil for pow'r or gold,
Sweetly thou may'ſt thy vacant hours poſſeſs
In Hampſtead, courted by the weſtern wind,
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood,
Or loſe the world amid the ſylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barb'rous arts unſpoil'd.
Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in cheerful Air;
But on the marſhy plains that Lincoln ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wand'ring feet;
For on a ruſtic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aking temples bound,
Quartana there preſides, a meagre fiend.
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful Naiad of the Fens.
From ſuch a mixture ſprung this fitful peſt
With fev'riſh blaſts ſubdues the ſick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude, and pains,
That ſting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and ev'ry torpid limb,
Then parching heat ſucceeds till copious ſweats
O'erflow, a ſhort relief from former ills:
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine;
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away,
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with ſqualid Atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad,
And oft the ſorc'reſs in her fated wrath
Reſigns them to the Furies of her train,
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.
In queſt of ſites avoid the mournful plain,
Where oſiers thrive, and trees that love the lake,
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow;

Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main;
For from the humid ſoil, and wat'ry reign
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps, or turgid with the weight
Of waters pours a ſounding deluge down.
Skies ſuch as theſe let ev'ry mortal ſhun,
Who dreads the dropſy, palſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh,
Or any other injury that grows
From raw ſpun fibres, idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill-perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.
Yet not alone from humid ſkies we pine,
For Air may be too dry. The ſubtile heav'n,
That winnows into duſt the blaſted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a ſtream,
Too faſt imbibes th' attenuated lymph
Which by the ſurface from the blood exhales;
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eſſay
Their flexible vibrations, or inflam'd
Their tender ever moving ſtructure thaws:
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle the blood
A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
The ſecret mazy channels of the brain:
The melancholic fiend (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſic) hence the ruſt complexion'd man
Purſues whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain
Too ſtretch'd a tone; and hence in climes aduſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.
Fly if you can theſe violent extremes
Of Air; the wholeſome is nor moiſt nor dry.
But as the pow'r of chuſing is deny'd
To half mankind a further taſk enſues,
How beſt to mitigate theſe fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the with'ring element,

Or hazy atmoſphere; tho' cuſtom moulds
To ev'ry clime the ſoft Promethean clay,
And he who firſt the fogs of Eſſex breath'd
(So kind is native Air) may in the Fens
Of Eſſex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heav'n offend
Correct the ſoil, and dry the ſources up
Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
Solicitous with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the ſtream,
And weed the foreſt, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie,
Or thro' the thickets ſend the crackling flames:
Meantime at home with cheerful fires diſpel
The humid Air, and let your table ſmoke
With ſolid roaſt or bak'd, or what the herds
Of tamer breed ſupply, or what the wilds
Yield to the toilſome pleaſures of the chaſe:
Gen'rous your wine, the boaſt of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heav'ns.
But neither theſe nor all Apollo's arts
Diſarm the dangers of the dropping ſky,
Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and ſpur the lagging blood.
The fatt'ning clime let all the ſons of Eaſe
Avoid. If Indolence would wiſh to live,
Go yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer ſkies. If droughty regions parch
The ſkin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood,
Deep in the waving foreſt chuſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty Air,
And wake the fountains from their ſecret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid ſtream
Here ſpread your gardens wide, and let the cool,
The moiſt relaxing vegetable ſtore
Prevail in each repaſt; your food ſupply'd

By bleeding life be gently waſted down
By ſoft decoction, and a mellowing heat
To liquid balm; or if the ſolid maſs
You chuſe, tormented in the boiling wave,
That thro' the thirſty channels of the blood
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow,
The fragrant dairy from its cool receſs
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirſt, or let the mantling bowl
Of keen ſherbet the fickle taſte relieve;
For with the viſcous blood the ſimple ſtream
Will hardly mingle, and fermented cups
Oft diſſipate more moiſture than they give.
Yet when pale ſeaſons riſe, or Winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'ſt indulge
In feaſts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow caſk: then too the ſcourging Air
Provokes to keener toils than ſultry droughts
Allow; but rarely we ſuch ſkies blaſpheme:
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop; incumbent ſtill
A pond'rous heav'n o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul:
Lab'ring with ſtorms in heapy mountains riſe
Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal Night,
Till black with thunder all the ſouth deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhow'rleſs day the heav'ns indulge
Our melting clime, except the baleful eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk'd
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene:
Good Heav'n! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your pow'rful miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither, give the genial weſt

To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly north,
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year, not mix in ev'ry monſtrous day!
Meantime the moiſt malignity to ſhun
Of burden'd ſkies, mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills, where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the Air,
And where the cynorrhodon * with the roſe
For fragrance vies, for in the thirſty ſoil
Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes:
There bid thy roofs high on the baſking ſteep
Aſcend, there light thy hoſpitable fires,
And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe,
The ſummer ev'ning bluſhing in the weſt,
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung defends you from the bluſt'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peeviſh eaſt.
O when the growling winds contend, and all
The ſounding foreſt fluctuates in the ſtorm,
To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
Howl o'er the ſteady battlements delights
Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep!
The murm'ring rivulet, and the hoarſer ſtrain
Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlipp'ry rocks
Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt.
To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good
Where Health is ſtudy'd; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight promotes the juſt
And nat'ral movements of th' harmonious frame.
Beſides, the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes
The trembling Air that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
Of pureſt element, refreſhing ſtill
Your airy ſeat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
Th' ethereal deep with endleſs billows chafes;
His purer manſion nor contagious years
Shall reach nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

* The wild roſe, or that which grows on the common brier.

But may no fogs from lake or fenny plain
Involve my hill! and whereſoe'er you build,
Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee, in Chelſea low,
Or high Blackheath, with wintry winds aſſail'd,
Dry be your houſe, but airy more than warm,
Elſe ev'ry breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains,
Fierce coughs will teaſe you, hoarſeneſs bind your voice,
Or moiſt gravedo load your aching brows.
Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloiſter'd Air tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms,
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
At ev'ry window drink the liquid ſky.
Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
And theatres open to the ſouth commend,
Here where the Morning's miſty breath infeſts
More than the torrid noon? How ſickly grow,
How pale, the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales
That circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the ſun!
While on the neighb'ring hill the roſe inflames
The verdant ſpring, in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily languiſhingly ſweet,
O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.
Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
The foſt'ring ſun, whoſe energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire, whoſe gen'rous heat
Glows thro' the maſs of groſſer elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous ſpheres:
Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth
We court thy beams great Majeſty of Day!
If not the ſoul the regent of this world,
First-born of Heav'n, and only leſs than God!

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II, DIET.

ENOUGH of Air; a desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight;
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow, not ev'n a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul,
But rugged paths fatigue, and Error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell ethereal Fields! the humbler arts
Of life, the Table and the homely Gods,
Demand my song: Elysian Gales adieu!
The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The gen'rous stream that waters ev'ry part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life, conveys
To ev'ry particle that moves or lives,
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded, scourg'd for ever round and round,
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows, and now but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That rip'ning Nature rolls, as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down
That very force whose plastic particles
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man!
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expense of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood:
Hence the concoctive pow'rs with various art

Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle,
The chyle to blood, the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding courſe purſue,
To try new changes and new form put on
Or for the public or ſome private uſe.
  Nothing ſo foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,
By violent pow'rs too eaſily ſubdu'd
Too ſoon expell'd. His daily labour thaws
To friendly chyle the moſt rebellious maſs
That ſalt can harden, or the ſmoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luſcious bacon rue,
Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte
Of ſolid milk. But ye of ſofter clay,
Infirm and delicate, and ye who waſte
With pale and bloated ſloth the tedious day,
Avoid the ſtubborn aliment, avoid
The full repaſt, and let ſagacious Age
Grow wiſer, leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.
  Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating pow'rs,
And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents, and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread
The ſteadfaſt earth, or cleave the green abyſs,
Or pathleſs ſky. And if the ſteer muſt fall,
In youth and ſanguine vigour let him die,
Nor ſtay till rigid age or heavy ails
Abſolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage and luxuriant eaſe
Indulge the vet'ran ox; but wiſer thou
From the bald mountain, or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal Nature fed,
A race of purer blood, with exerciſe
Refin'd and ſcanty fare; for, old or young,
The ſtall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholeſome food th' abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte

Rejects like bane ſuch loathſome luſciouſneſs;
The languid ſtomach curſes e'en the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil,
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone, and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coyly they mix, and ſhun with ſlipp'ry wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence
What horrors riſe were nauſeous to relate.
Chuſe leaner viands, ye whoſe jovial make
Too faſt the gummy nutriment imbibes,
Chuſe ſober meals, and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay, nor on th' enfeebling down
Irreſolute protract the morning hours:
But let the man whoſe bones are thinly clad
With cheerful eaſe and ſucculent repaſt
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect ſanity.
I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion, what the various pow'rs
Of various foods; but fifty years would roll
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Beſides, there often lurks ſome nameleſs, ſtrange,
Peculiar thing, nor on the ſkin diſplay'd,
Felt in the pulſe, nor in the habit ſeen,
Which finds a poiſon in the food that moſt
The temp'rature affects. There are whoſe blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moiſt melon or pale cucumber:
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with ſlaughter, and the vernal pow'rs
For cooler kinder ſuſtenance implore:
Some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment deteſt
Which in the ſhell the ſleeping embryo rears:
Some, more unhappy ſtill, repent the gifts
Of Pales, ſoft, delicious, and benign,
The balmy quinteſſence of ev'ry flow'r,

And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the ſpring,
The foſt'ring dew of tender ſprouting life,
The beſt refection of declining age
The kind reſtorative of thoſe who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful ſtrife
Of nature ſtruggling in the graſp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe
There is not ſuch a ſalutary food
As ſuits with ev'ry ſtomach; but (except
Amid the mingled maſs of fiſh and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd you heſitate, by which
You ſunk oppreſs'd, or whether not by all)
Taught by experience ſoon you may diſcern
What pleaſes, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the ſicken'd appetite too long,
Or heave with fev'riſh fluſhings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue,
Or much diminiſh or too much increaſe
Th' expenſe which Nature's wiſe economy
Without or waſte or avarice maintains.
Such cates abjur'd let prowling Hunger looſe,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They ſcarce can err amid the various ſtores
That burſt the teeming entrails of the world.
Led by ſagacious taſte the ruthleſs king
Of beaſts on blood and ſlaughter only lives;
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger ſtarve; of milder ſeeds
The gen'rous horſe to herbage and to grain
Confines his wiſh, tho' fabling Greece reſound
The Thracian ſteeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by inſtinct's never-erring pow'r
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
With all the commoners of Nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by his pow'r within
Their cravings are well-aim'd. Voluptuous man
Is by ſuperior faculties miſled,
Miſled from pleaſure e'en in queſt of joy.
Sated with Nature's boons, what thouſands ſeek,

With diſhes tortur'd from their native taſte
And mad variety, to ſpur beyond
Its wiſer will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleaſure? learn a juſter taſte,
And know that temp'rance is true luxury:
Or is it pride? purſue ſome nobler aim;
Diſmiſs your paraſites who praiſe for hire,
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame. Form'd of ſuch clay as your's
The ſick, the needy, ſhiver at your gates;
E'en modeſt Want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
Tho' huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home.
Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whoſe neglected bloom
Unfoſter'd, ſickens in the barren ſhade?
Nor worthy man by Fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
Conſtrain'd to leave his happy natal ſeat,
And ſigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miſeries abound,
A thouſand ways to waſte ſuperfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatt'rer at your board,
Without one hour of ſickneſs or diſguſt.
But other ills th' ambiguous feaſt purſue,
Beſides provoking the laſcivious taſte.
Such various foods, tho' harmleſs each alone,
Each other violate, and oft' we ſee,
What ſtrife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taſte I mean not to confine
To hermit's Diet, needleſsly ſevere:
But would you long the ſweets of Health enjoy,
Or huſband pleaſure, at one impious meal
Exhauſt not half the bounties of the year
Of ev'ry realm. It matters not mean while
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: it is fit beſides that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd:
But ſtay the curious appetite, and taſte

With caution fruits you never try'd before:
For want of uſe the kindeſt aliment
Sometimes offends, while cuſtom tames the rage
Of poiſon to mild amity with life.
So Heav'n has form'd us to the gen'ral taſte
Of all its gifts, ſo cuſtom has improv'd
This bent of Nature, that few ſimple foods
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by exceſs offend. Beyond the ſenſe
Of light refection at the genial board
Indulge not often, nor protract the feaſt
To dull ſatiety, till ſoft and ſlow
A drowſy death creeps on th' expanſive ſoul,
Oppreſs'd and ſmother'd the celeſtial fire.
The ſtomach urg'd beyond its active tone
Hardly to nutrimental chyle ſubdues
The ſofteſt food; unfiniſh'd and deprav'd,
The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns
Its turbid fountain, nor by purer ſtreams
So to be clear'd but foulneſs will remain.
To ſparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? or what mechanic ſkill
From the crude ore can ſpin the ductile gold?
Groſs riot treaſures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues, but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme; for phyſic knows
How to diſburden the too tumid veins,
E'en how to ripen the half-labour'd blood?
But to unlock the elemental tubes
Collaps'd and ſhrunk with long inanity,
And with balſamic nutriment repair
The dry'd and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a ſecond ſpring,
Or the tall aſh long raviſh'd from the ſoil
Thro' whither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls obey, nor often wait
Till hunger ſharpen to corroſive pain;
For the keen appetite will feaſt beyond
What nature well can bear, and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverſe.

Too greedily th' exhauſted veins abſorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
Oft' to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities by the firm-ſet ſiege
And famine humbled may this verſe be borne;
And hear ye hardieſt Sons that Albion breeds,
Long toſs'd and famiſh'd on the wat'ry main!
The war ſhook off, or hoſpitable ſhore
Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the ſhock of joy,
Nor crown with feſtive rites th' auſpicious day;
Such feaſt might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on,
But prudently foment the wand'ring ſpark
With what the ſooneſt feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal e'en of that; a little give
At firſt, that kindled add a little more,
Till by delib'rate nouriſhing the flame
Reviv'd with all its wonted vigour glows.
But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice, it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that; ſo nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on while yet no blacker omen lowers;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day:
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of woe, which rooted once
Might coſt you labour: but the day return'd
Of feſtal luxury, the wiſe indulge
Moſt in the tender vegetable breed;
Then chiefly when the ſummer beams inflame
The brazen heav'ns, or angry Sirius ſheds
A fev'riſh taint thro' the ſtill gulf of air;
The moiſt cool viands then, and flowing cup

From the freſh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
Will ſave your head from harm tho' round the world
The dreaded cauſos* roll his waſteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare.
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The ſeaſons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold, by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen
Impoſe. Thro' autumn's languiſhing domain
Deſcending Nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury: but from the depth
Of winter, when th' invigorated year
Emerges, when Favonius, fluſh'd with love,
Toyful and young, in ev'ry breeze deſcends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride,
Then Shepherds! then begin to ſpare your flocks,
And learn with wiſe humanity to check
The luſt of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent ſky,
Now bounteous Nature feeds with laviſh hand
The prone creation, yields what once ſuffic'd
Their dainty ſove'reign when the world was young,
Ere yet the barb'rous thirſt of blood had ſeized
The human breaſt.—Each rolling month matures
The food that ſuits it moſt; ſo does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' eſtabliſh'd ocean heaps a monſtrous waſte
Of ſhining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whoſe plaineſt wants
Relentleſs earth, their cruel ſtep-mother,
Regards not. On the waſte of iron fields
Untam'd, intractable, no harveſts wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clowniſh god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain; a fitter meal
Is earn'd with eaſe, for here the fruitful ſpawn
Of ocean ſwarms, and heaps their genial board
With gen'rous fare and luxury profuſe.

* The burning fever.

Theſe are their bread, the only bread they know,
Theſe and their willing ſlave the deer, that crops
The ſhrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone not thus the South
Her ſwarthy ſons in either Ind maintains,
Or thirſty Libya, from whoſe fervid loins
The lion burſts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd
Aduſt and dry no ſweet repaſt affords,
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews fev'riſh frays, where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe,
Kind Nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe:
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the grape,
Here finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,
Thro' the green ſhade the golden orange glows,
Spontaneous; here the turgid melon yields
A gen'rous pulp, the coco ſwells on high
With milky riches, and in horrid mail
The criſp anana wraps its poignant ſweets,
Earth's vaunted progeny! in ruder air
Too coy to flouriſh, ev'n too proud to live,
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life: here with a mother's ſmile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn;
Here buxom Ceres reigns; th' autumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains:
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,
Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte
Demands. The fountain edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit bedews their thirſty ſouls;
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air,
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come ye Naiads! to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign;

I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs;
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Here from the deſert down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile, here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves, Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the eaſt,
And there in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd
The cheerleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What ſolemn twilight! what ſtupendous ſhades
Inwrap theſe infant floods! thro' ev'ry nerve
A ſacred horror thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round,
And more gigantic ſtill th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom!
Are theſe the confines of ſome Fairy world,
A land of Genii? Say beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations? if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies; and whither leads,
To what ſtrange regions, or of bliſs or pain,
That ſubterraneous way? Propitious Maids!
Conduct me while with fearful ſteps I tread
This trembling ground. The taſk remains to ſing
Your gifts, (ſo Pæon, ſo the Pow'rs of Health,
Command) to praiſe your cryſtal element,
The chief ingredient in Heav'n's various works,
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine,
The vehicle, the ſource of nutriment,
And life to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable Streams! with eager lips,
And trembling hand the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you; freſh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew,
None warmer ſought the fires of humankind:
Happy in temp'rate peace their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of fev'rith mirth
And ſick dejection: ſtill ſerene and pleas'd

They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul
With pleaſure yields to, and would ne'er forget:
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of gods
Return to viſit their degen'rate ſons,
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe.
Learn temp'rance Friends! and hear without diſdain
The choice of water. Thus the Coan ſage *
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry ſchool:
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt; the lighteſt then what bears the touch
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;
The moſt inſipid, the moſt void of ſmell.
Such the rude mountains from his horrid ſides
Pours down, ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts,
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The cryſtal ſtream
Thro' rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholeſome, pure,
And mellow draughts, except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirſt were e'er ſo reſolute avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals,
(With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green,
Squalid with generation and the birth
Of little monſters) till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces diſengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin ſtream
In boiling waſtes its finer ſoul in air.
Nothing like ſimple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow:
But where the ſtomach, indolent and cold,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine

* Hippocrates.

Th' inſipid ſtream, tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more ſprightly draught,
Perhaps more active: wine unmix'd, and all
The gluy floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring, with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire,
Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd
Th' embody'd maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Embalm'd in fiery quinteſſence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture and unchang'd remain.
We curſe not wine; the vile exceſs we blame,
More fruitful than th' accumulated board
Of pain and miſery; for the ſubtile draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide,
And with more active poiſon than the floods
Of groſſer crudity convey pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly Deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
Of ſober vows!—But the Parnaſſian Maids
Another time perhaps ſhall ſing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine,
Perhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs.*
Meantime I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor ev'ry treſpaſs ſhun. The fev'riſh ſtrife
Rous'd by the rare debauch ſubdues, expels,
The loit'ring crudities that burden life,
And like a torrent full and rapid clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r
To learn to bear is eaſier than to ſhun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or ſacred country, calls with mellowing wine
To moiſten well the thirſty ſuffrages,
Say how, unſeaſon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend

* See Book IV.

With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel, but by ſlow degrees;
By ſlow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
And Hercules grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth
The brows of Care indulge your feſtive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The leaſt your bane, and only with your friends:
There are ſweet follies, frailties, to be ſeen
By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.
Oh ſeldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taſte,
Except when life declines, ev'n ſober cups.
Weak with'ring Age no rigid law forbids
With frugal nectar ſmooth and ſlow, with balm,
The ſapleſs habit daily to bedew,
And give the heſitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play: but youth has better joys;
And is it wiſe when youth with pleaſure flows
To ſquander the reliefs of age and pain?
What dex'trous thouſands juſt within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courſe!
Perhaps no ſickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions ſhock the head;
But ah what woes remain! life rolls apace,
And that incurable diſeaſe old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime,
Except kind Nature by ſome haſty blow
Prevent the ling'ring Fates: for know whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The ſanguine tide, whether the frequent bowl,
High-ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil
Protracted, ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life,
And ſows the temples with untimely ſnow.
When life is new the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increaſing force, and day by day
The growth advances, till the larger tubes
Acquiring (from their * elemental veins

* In the human body as well as in thoſe of other animals the larger blood veſſels are compoſed of ſmaller ones, which by the violent motion and preſſure

Condens'd to ſolid chords) a firmer tone,
Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood:
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall,
Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong:
Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
Of viſcous fluids and elaſtic tubes;
Its various functions vig'rous are ply'd
By ſtrong machin'ry, and in ſolid Health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe.
But the full ocean ebbs: there is a point
By Nature fix'd whence life muſt downward tend;
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill
To the weak throbs of th' ill-ſupported heart:
This languiſhing, theſe ſtrength'ning, by degrees
To hard unyielding, unelaſtic bone;
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters ſtill, and now it ſtirs no more.
This is the period few attain, the death
Of Nature. Thus (ſo Heav'n ordain'd it) life
Deſtroys itſelf; and could theſe laws have chang'd
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his ſong.
What does not fade? The tow'r that long had ſtood
The cruſh of thunder, and the warring winds
Shook by the ſlow but ſure deſtroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe,
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs
Deſcend. The Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,
And tott'ring empires ruſh by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,

of the fluids in the large veſſels loſe their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords of fibres. In proportion as theſe ſmall veſſels become ſolid the larger muſt of courſe grow leſs extenſive, more rigid, and make a ſtronger reſiſtance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condenſation of the ſmaller veſſels, and conſequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progreſs of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun,
The ſun himſelf, ſhall die, and ancient Night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs,
Till the great Father thro' the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws:
For thro' the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being in various ſyſtems fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay;
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will:
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep,
The old deſcending in their turns to riſe.

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' advent'rous Muſe has paſt,
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude in her theme, and hardly fit for ſong,
Plain, and of little ornament, and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts:
Yet not in vain ſuch Labours have we try'd
If aught theſe Lays the fickle Health confirm.
To you ye Delicate! I write, for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares.
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with tim'rous rules
A hardy frame, nor needleſsly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal ſtrength,
Is all the leſſon that in wholeſome years
Concerns the ſtrong. His care were ill beſtow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe
The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the wintry heav'n.
Behold the lab'rer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold, and ſultry ſkies:

Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what fickly ſtars aſcend.
He knows no laws by Æſculapius giv'n,
He ſtudies none; yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt, nor thoſe envenomed ſhafts that fly
When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure, with plain and temp'rate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To ev'ry caſualty of vary'd life,
Serene he bears the peeviſh eaſtern blaſt,
And uninfected breathes the mortal ſouth.
Such the reward of rude and ſober life,
Of labour ſuch. By health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid, if exerciſe were pain
Indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like theſe
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons,
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way
Unhurt thro' ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime.
Toil and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil ſubdu'd,
Mellow'd, and ſubtiliz'd, the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come my companions! ye who feel the charms
Of Nature and the year; come, let us ſtray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk;
Come while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heav'ns, inwrap the limbs in balm,
And ſhed a charming languor o'er the ſoul;
Nor when bright winter ſnows with prickly froſt
The vig'rous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home, nor e'en when Eurus' blaſts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My lib'ral walks, ſave when the ſkies in rain
Or fogs relent, no ſeaſon ſhould confine
Or to the cloiſter'd gall'ry or arcade.
Go climb the mountains; from th' ethereal ſource
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go mount th' exulting ſteed:
Already ſee the deep-mouth'd beagles catch

The tainted mazes, and on eager ſport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace: or if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chaſe the deſp'rate deer,
And thro' its deepeſt ſolitudes awake
The vocal foreſt with the jovial horn.
But if the breathleſs chaſe o'er hill and dale
Exceed your ſtrength, a ſport of leſs fatigue,
Not leſs delightful, the prolific ſtream
Affords. The cryſtal riv'let that o'er
A ſtony channel rolls its rapid maze
Swarms with the ſilver fry: ſuch thro' the bounds
Of paſt'ral Stafford runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, ſprung from Cumbrian mountain; ſuch
The Eſk, o'erhung with woods: and ſuch the ſtream
On whoſe Arcadian banks I firſt drew air,
Liddal, till now, except in Doric lays,
Tun'd to her murmurs by her loveſick ſwains,
Unknown in ſong, tho' not a purer ſtream
Thro' meads more flow'ry or more romantic groves
Rolls towards the weſtern main. Hail ſacred Flood!
May ſtill thy hoſpitable ſwains be bleſt
In rural innocence, thy mountains ſtill
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flouriſh, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain;
Oft' with thy blooming ſons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy tranſparent eddies have I lav'd,
Oft' trac'd with patient ſteps thy Fairy banks,
With the well imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the ſlender line
And yielding rod ſolicit to the ſhore
The ſtruggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obſcur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton ſwarms.
Form'd on the Samian ſchool, or thoſe of Ind
There are who think theſe paſtimes ſcarce humane:
Yet in my mind (and not relentleſs I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler ſtains.

But if thro' genuine tenderneſs of heart,
Or ſecret want of reliſh for the game,
You ſhun the glories of the chaſe, nor care
To haunt the peopled ſtream, the garden yields
A ſoft amuſement, an humane delight,
To raiſe th' inſipid nature of the ground,
Or tame it's ſavage genius to the grace
Of careleſs ſweet ruſticity, that ſeems
The amiable reſult of happy chance,
Is to create, and gives a godlike joy
Which ev'ry year improves. Nor thou diſdain
To check the lawleſs riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he, whom when his years decline
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his mod'rate mind,
His life approv'd by all the wiſe and good,
E'en envy'd by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus from this ſtormy world
Receive to reſt, of all ungrateful cares
Abſolv'd, and ſacred from the ſelfiſh crowd!
Happieſt of men! if the ſame ſoil invites
A choſen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow rakes perhaps, now rural friends,
With whom in eaſy commerce to purſue
Nature's free charms, and vie for ſylvan fame;
A fair ambition, void of ſtrife or guile,
Or jealouſy or pain to be outdone;
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The viſto beſt, and beſt conducts the ſtream,
Whoſe groves the faſteſt thicken and aſcend,
Whom firſt the welcome ſpring ſalutes, who ſhews
The earlieſt bloom, the ſweeteſt, proudeſt charms
Of Flora, who beſt gives Pomona's juice
To match the ſprightly genius of Champaign.
Thrice happy days in rural buſ'neſs paſt!
Bleſt winter nights! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With ſoft domeſtic arts the hours beguile,
And pleaſing talk that ſtarts no tim'rous ſame,

With witleſs wantonneſs to hunt it down,
Or thro' the Fairyland of tale or ſong
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that ſtrikes humanity,
Till loſt in fable they the ſtealing hour
Of timely reſt forget. Sometimes at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bleſs unbid
His feſtal roof, while o'er the light repaſt
And ſprightly cups they mix in ſocial joy,
And thro' the maze of converſation trace
Whate'er amuſes or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taſte
The native zeſt and flavour of the fruit
Where ſenſe grows wild and taſtes of no manure)
The decent, honeſt, cheerful, huſbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,
And at my table find himſelf at home.
Whate'er your ſtudy, in whate'er you ſweat,
Indulge your taſte. Some love the manly foils,
The tennis ſome, and ſome the graceful dance;
Others more hardy range the purple heath
Or naked ſtubble, where from field to field
The ſounding covies urge their lab'ring flight,
Eager amid the riſing cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder; and there are
Whom ſtill the meed * of the green archer charms.
He chuſes beſt whoſe labour entertains
His vacant fancy moſt: the toil you hate
Fatigues you ſoon, and ſcarce improves your limbs.
As beauty ſtill has blemiſh, and the mind
The moſt accompliſh'd its imperfect ſide,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But ſome one part is weaker than the reſt;
The legs perhaps or arms refuſe their load,
Or the cheſt labours: theſe aſſiduouſly
But gently in their proper arts employ'd
Acquire a vigour and ſpringy activity

* This word is much uſed by ſome of our old Engliſh Poets, and ſignifies reward or prize.

To which they were not born: but weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent diſcipline.
Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent e'en in ev'ry mod'rate walk
At firſt but ſaunter, and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the goal the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins; as yet the ſkilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride; but ev'ry breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells
Till all the fiery mettle has its way
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd before their unctuous coats
Compreſs'd can pour the lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpow'rs the heart and deluges the lungs
With dang'rous inundation; oft' the ſource
Of fatal woes, a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma, and feller peripneumony*,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.
Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heav'n deny'd
Of ſoul is well compenſated in limbs,
Oft' from his rage or brainleſs frolic feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity,
And ſcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Purſu'd prolixly e'en the gentleſt toil
Is waſte of Health: repoſe by ſmall fatigue
Is earn'd, and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firſt moiſture of the brows.
The fine and ſubtile ſpirits coſt too much
To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm:
But when the hard varieties of life

* The inflammation of the lungs.

You toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,
Or the warm deeds of some important day,
Hot from the field indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale
Or taste the spring. O by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear! no other pestilence has driv'n
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal the sagacious Muse
Thro' Nature's cunning labyrinths could trace;
But there are secrets, which who knows not now
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of Science, and devote sev'n years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave,
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem, and why
The rough'ning deep expects the storm as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heav'n.
In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vy'd
For polish'd luxury and useful arts,
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs;
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those whom gelid skies embrace
And chilling fogs, whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the north,
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft, or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways;
For thro' the small arterial mouths that pierce

In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven ſkin
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and viewleſs melt into the winds:
While this eternal this moſt copious waſte
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure all the pow'rs
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move; but this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel
The functions labour: from this fatal ſource
What woes deſcend is never to be ſung;
To take their numbers were to count the ſands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air,
Or waves that when the bluſt'ring north embroils
The Baltic thunder on the German ſhore.
Subject not then by ſoft emollient arts
This grand expenſe on which your fates depend
To ev'ry caprice of the ſky, nor thwart
The genius of your clime; for from the blood
Leaſt fickle riſe the recremental ſtreams,
And leaſt obnoxious to the ſtyptic air,
Which breathe thro' ſtraiter and more callous pores:
The temper'd Scythian hence half-naked treads
His boundleſs ſnows, nor rues th' inclement heav'n,
And hence our painted anceſtors defy'd
The eaſt, nor curs'd like us their fickle ſky.
The body moulded by the clime endures
Th' equator heats or Hyperborean froſt,
Except by habits foreign to its turn
Unwiſe you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the firſt, the winter ſhocks you leſs
By long acquaintance: ſtudy then your ſky,
Form to its manners your obſequious frame,
And learn to ſuffer what you cannot ſhun.
Againſt the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies ſome frequent
The gelid ciſtern, and where nought forbids
I praiſe their dauntleſs heart: a frame ſo ſteel'd
Dread not the cough, nor thoſe ungenial blaſts
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatiſm;

The nerves ſo temper'd never quit their tone;
No chronic languors haunt ſuch hardy breaſts:
But all things have their bounds; and he who makes
By daily uſe the kindeſt regimen
Eſſential to his health, ſhould never mix
With humankind, nor art nor trade purſue:
He not the ſafe viciſſitudes of life
Without ſome ſhock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known or bear unuſual things.
Beſides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
(Since pain in ſpite of all our care will come)
Should never with your proſp'rous days of Health
Grow too familiar; for by frequent uſe
The ſtrongeſt medicines loſe their healing pow'r,
And e'en the ſureſt poiſons theirs to kill.
Let thoſe who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania or the ſultry weſt,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indoſtan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwiſt their ſtubborn pores, that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the ſoften'd ſkin
May bear proportion to the ſwelling blood;
So may they 'ſcape the fever's rapid flames,
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution juſt enough to clear
The ſluices of the ſkin, enough to keep
The body ſacred from indecent ſoil.
Still to be pure, e'en did it not conduce
(As much it does) to Health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains: it is this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worſt woe;
With this, external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms
Are loathſome: this the venal Graces know,
So doubtleſs do your wives; for marry'd fires
As well as lovers ſtill pretend to taſte:
Nor is it leſs (all prudent wives can tell)
To loſe a huſband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and ſeaſons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wand'ring ſong.
Some labour faſting, or but ſlightly fed,
To lull the grinding ſtomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wiſely done; for while the thirſty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treaſur'd oil, then is the happieſt time
To ſhake the lazy balſam from its cells.
Now while the ſtomach from the full repaſt
Subſides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits! give an hour to toil,
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppreſſes yet or threatens to oppreſs:
But from the recent meal no labours pleaſe
Of limbs or mind; for now the cordial pow'rs
Claim all the wand'ring ſpirits to a work
Of ſtrong and ſubtle toil and great event,
A work of time; and you may rue the day
You hurry'd with untimely exerciſe
A half concoƈted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unƈtuous phlegm
Much toil demands, the lean elaſtic leſs.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins
No labours are too hard: by thoſe you 'ſcape
The ſlow diſeaſes of the torpid year,
Endleſs to name, to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of ſlaves
Is pleaſure. Oh from ſuch inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the ſun
Pours down his ſultry wrath, now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the ſkin
Explore their flight, me near the cool caſcade
Reclin'd, or ſaunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needleſs ſlight occaſion ſhould engage
To pant and ſweat beneath the fiery noon:
Now the freſh morn alone and mellow eve
To ſhady walks and aƈtive rural ſports

Invite; but while the chilling dews descend
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies, tho' it is no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
While the soft ev'ning saddens into night,
Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.
The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings; great Nature droops
Thro' all her works: now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of Dreams:
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose; on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion, or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively Morn?
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full,
But be the first concoction half matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that rocks
Amid the clouds or Calpe's hideous height
The busy demons hurl, or in the main
O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes, whose delirious brain,
Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought,
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,
And mangled Consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what danger these or those
Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers

Reveal'd of old, and men of deathleſs fame,
We would not to the ſuperſtitious mind
Suggeſt new throbs, new vanities of fear:
'Tis our's to teach you from the peaceful night
To baniſh omens, and all reſtleſs woes.
In ſtudy ſome protract the ſilent hours,
Which others conſecrate to mirth and wine,
And ſleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But ſurely this redeems not from the ſhades
One hour of life. Nor does it aught avail
What ſeaſon you to drowſy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day,
Or whether thro' the tedious winter gloom
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body freſh and vig'rous from repoſe
Defies the early fogs, but by the toils
Of wakeful day exhauſted and unſtrung
Weakly reſiſts the night's unwholeſome breath.
The grand diſcharge, th' effuſion of the ſkin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and thro' the ſick'ning functions ſteal;
As when the chilling eaſt invades the ſpring
The delicate Narciſſus pines away
In hectic languor, and a ſlow diſeaſe
Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, ſhould Beauty cheriſh its own bane?
O ſhame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille
And midnight cares the bloom of Albion dies.
By toil ſubdu'd the warrior and the hind
Sleep faſt and deep; their active functions ſoon
With gen'rous ſtreams the ſubtile tubes ſupply,
And ſoon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the freſh impulſe, and awake the ſoul.
The ſons of Indolence with long repoſe
Grow torpid, and with ſloweſt Lethe drunk
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt ev'ry ſenſe and pow'rleſs ev'ry limb.
Ye prone to ſleep! (whom ſleeping moſt annoys)
On the hard mattraſs or elaſtic couch

Extend your limbs, and wean yourſelves from ſloth,
Nor grudge the lean projector of dry brain,
And ſpringy nerves, the blandiſhments of down,
Nor envy while the bury'd Bacchanal
Exhales his ſurfeit in prolixer dreams.
He without riot in the balmy feaſt
Of life, the wants of nature has ſupply'd
Who riſes cool, ſerene, and full of ſoul.
But pliant Nature more or leſs demands
As cuſtom forms her, and all ſudden change
She hates of habit, e'en from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ſtage by ſtage,
Slow as the ſhadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the ſtealing progreſs of the year.
Obſerve the circling year, how unperceiv'd
Her ſeaſons change! behold by ſlow degrees
Stern winter tam'd into a ruder ſpring,
The ripen'd ſpring a milder ſummer glows,
Departing ſummer ſheds Pomona's ſtore,
And aged Autumn brews the winter ſtorm.
Slow as they come theſe dangers come not void
Of mortal ſhocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their firſt approaches ſeldom ſafe:
Funereal Autumn all the ſickly dread,
And the black Fates deform the lovely ſpring.
He well adviſ'd who taught our wiſer ſires
Early to borrow Muſcovy's warm ſpoils,
Ere the firſt froſt has touch'd the tender blade,
And late reſign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her ſiſter's rays;
For while th' effluence of the ſkin maintains
Its native meaſure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmleſs by, and Autumn, ſick to death
With ſallow quartans, no contagion breathes.
I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year, what ſeaſons teem
With what diſeaſes, what the humid ſouth

Prepares, and what the demon of the eaſt;
But you perhaps refuſe the tedious ſong.
Beſides, whatever plagues in heat or cold,
Or drought, or moiſture, dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the ſky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But ſhould the public bane
Infect you, or ſome treſpaſs of your own,
Or flaw of nature hint mortality,
Soon as a not unpleaſing horror glides
Along the ſpine thro' all your torpid limbs,
When firſt the head throbs, or the ſtomach feels
A ſickly load, a weary pain the loins,
Be Celſus call'd: the Fates come ruſhing on;
The rapid Fates admit of nó delay.
While wilful you, and fatally ſecure,
Expect to morrow's more auſpicious ſun,
The growing peſt, whoſe infancy was weak,
And eaſy vanquiſh'd, with triumphant ſway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care
Millions have dy'd of medicable wounds.
Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What ſlight neglects, what trivial faults, deſtroy
The hardieſt frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of ſuperfluity.
The all-ſurrounding heav'n, the vital air,
Is big with death: and tho' the putrid ſouth
Be ſhut, tho' no convulſive agony
Shake from the deep foundations of the world
Th' impriſon'd plagues, a ſecret venom oft'
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has ſad Byzantium ſeen!
How oft' has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her ſlaughter'd ſons and lonely ſtreets!
E'en Albion, girt with leſs malignant ſkies,
Albion the poiſon of the gods has drank,
And felt the ſting of monſters all her own.
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had ſpent
Their ancient rage at Boſworth's purple field,
While for which tyrant England ſhould receive

Her legions in inceſtuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors, till the Fates were drunk
With kindred-blood by kindred-hands profus'd,
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Aroſe, a monſter never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head:
This rapid Fury, not like other peſts,
Purſu'd a gradual courſe, but in a day
Ruſh'd as a ſtorm o'er half th' aſtoniſh'd iſle,
And ſtrew'd with ſudden carcaſes the land.
First thro' the ſhoulders, or whatever part
Was ſeiz'd the firſt, a fervid vapour ſprung;
With raſh combuſtion thence the quiv'ring ſpark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within,
And ſoon the ſurface caught the ſpreading fires:
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Guſh'd out in ſmoky ſweats; but nought aſſuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The ſtomach's anguiſh. With inceſſant toil,
Deſp'rate of eaſe, impatient of their pain,
They toſs'd from ſide to ſide. In vain the ſtream
Ran full and clear; they burnt and thirſted ſtill.
The reſtleſs arteries with rapid blood
Beat ſtrong and frequent: thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
At laſt a heavy pain oppreſt the head;
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were ſtrangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harraſs'd with toil on toil the ſinking pow'rs
Lay proſtrate and o'erthrown: a pond'rous ſleep
Wrapt all the ſenſes up. They ſlept and dy'd.
In ſome a gentle horror crept at firſt
O'er all the limbs: the ſluices of the ſkin
Withheld their moiſture, till by art provok'd
The ſweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide,
Now free and copious, now reſtrain'd and ſlow,
Of tinctures various, as the temp'rature
Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid ſteams,
As if the pent up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.

Here lay their hopes, (tho' little hope remain'd,)
With full effuſion of perpetual ſweats
To drive the venom out: and here the Fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;
For who ſurviv'd the ſun's diurnal race
Roſe from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd,
Some the ſixth hour oppreſs'd, and ſome the third.
Of many thouſands few untainted 'ſcap'd,
Of thoſe infected fewer 'ſcap'd alive;
Of thoſe who liv'd ſome felt a ſecond blow,
And whom the ſecond ſpar'd a third deſtroy'd.
Frantic with fear they ſought by flight to ſhun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected City poured her hurrying ſwarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her ſeats around,
Th' infected Country ruſh'd into the Town.
Some ſad at home, and in the deſert ſome,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain; where'er they fled the Fates purſu'd.
Others with hopes more ſpecious croſs'd the main,
To ſeek protection in far diſtant ſkies;
But none they found. It ſeem'd the gen'ral air
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the eaſt,
Was then at enmity with Engliſh blood;
For but the race of England all were ſafe
In foreign climes; nor did this Fury taſte
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where ſhould they fly? the circumambient heav'n
Involv'd them ſtill, and ev'ry breeze was bane:
Where find relief? the ſalutary art
Was mute, and, ſtartled at the new diſeaſe,
In fearful whiſpers hopeleſs omens gave.
To Heav'n with ſuppliant rites they ſent their pray'rs;
Heav'n heard them not. Of ev'ry hope depriv'd,
Fatigu'd with vain reſources, and ſubdu'd
With woes reſiſtleſs, and enfeebling fear,
Paſſive they ſunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable ſounds were heard,
Nor aught was ſeen but ghaſtly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,

And pale deſpair. 'Twas all the buſ'neſs then
To tend the ſick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft' the bed, they ſay,
The ſick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.
Ye guardian Gods! on whom the fates depend
Of tott'ring Albion, ye eternal Fires
That lead thro' heav'n the wandèring year! ye Pow'rs
That o'er th' encircling elements preſide!
May nothing worſe than what this age has ſeen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,
Has Albion bled. Here a diſtemper'd heav'n
Has thinn'd her cities from thoſe lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul to Thule's wintry reign,
While in the Weſt beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her braveſt ſons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards, and of common men,
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from theſe views the weeping Muſes turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring ſong.

THE

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
The uſe of Toil, and all external things,
Already ſung, it now remains to trace
What good what evil from ourſelves proceeds,
And how the ſubtile principle within
Inſpires with Health, or mines with ſtrange decay
The paſſive body. Ye poetic ſhades,
Who know the ſecrets of the world unſeen,
Aſſiſt my ſong! for in a doubtful theme
Engag'd I wander thro' myſterious ways.
There is they ſay (and I believe there is)
A ſpark within us of th' immortal fire

That animates and moulds the groſſer frame,
And when the body ſinks eſcapes to heav'n,
Its native ſeat, and mixes with the gods:
Meanwhile this heav'nly particle pervades
The mortal elements, in ev'ry nerve
It thrills with pleaſure, or grows mad with pain,
And in its ſecret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's Health or malady.
By its own toil the groſs corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or deſtroys, itſelf.
Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode
The ſolid fabric; for by ſubtile parts
And viewleſs atoms ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world:
By ſubtile fluids, pour'd thro' ſubtile tubes,
The natural vital functions are perform'd:
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd,
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;
Theſe the ſtill crumbling frame rebuild, and theſe
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air.
But 'tis not thought, (for ſtill the ſoul's employ'd,)
'Tis painful thinking, that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye, without fatigue,
Strays o'er the heav'n and earth, but long intent
On microſcopic arts its vigour fails.
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thoughts amus'd,
Nor aches itſelf, nor gives the body pain;
But anxious ſtudy, diſcontent, and care,
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,
And fear, and jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtile miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare:
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,
The lover's paleneſs, and the ſallow hue
Of Envy, Jealouſy, the meagre ſtare
Of ſore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The ſtrong-built pedant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall,
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time.
With uſeful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe,
Employ your mind; amuſe but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowſy metaphyſic ſage,
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt!
Yet ſome there are e'en of elaſtic parts
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reliſh what their gen'rous taſte
Would elſe refuſe; but may nor thirſt of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue,
With conſtant drudgery, the lib'ral ſoul.
Toy with your books; and as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from philoſophy
To fable ſhift, from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong.
While reading pleaſes but no longer read,
And read aloud, reſounding Homer's ſtrain,
And wield the thunder of Demoſthenes.
The cheſt ſo exercis'd improves its ſtrength,
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter elſe thro' unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What poſture ſuits: to ſtand and ſit by turns,
As Nature prompts is beſt; but o'er your leaves
To lean for ever cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machin'ry of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind; for ever on purſuit
Of knowledge bent it ſtarves the groſſer pow'rs:
Quite unemploy'd, againſt its own repoſe
It turns its fatal edge, and ſharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life;
Chiefly where Solitude, ſad nurſe of Care,
To ſickly muſing gives the penſive mind:

There madneſs enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound: the ſun grows pale,
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads
The cheerful face of Nature, earth becomes
A dreary deſert, and Heav'n frowns above:
Then various ſhapes of curs'd illuſion riſe:
Whate'er the wretch'd fears creating Fear
Forms out of nothing, and with monſters teems
Unknown in hell. The proſtrate ſoul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves,
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
With anxious flutt'rings wake the guiltleſs breaſt.
Such phantoms Pride in ſolitary ſcenes,
Or Fear on delicate Self love creates.
From other cares abſolv'd, the buſy mind
Finds in yourſelf a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miſerable or makes you ſo:
For while yourſelf you anxiouſly explore
Timorous Self-love, with ſick'ning Fancy's aid,
Preſents the danger that you dread the moſt,
And ever galls you in your tender part:
Hence ſome for love, and ſome for jealouſy,
For grim religion ſome, and ſome for pride,
Have loſt their reaſon; ſome for fear of want
Want all their lives; and others ev'ry day
For fear of dying ſuffer worſe than death.
Ah! from your boſoms baniſh if you can
Thoſe fatal gueſts, and firſt the demon Fear,
That trembles at impoſſible events,
Leſt aged Atlas ſhould reſign his load,
And heav'n's eternal battlements ruſh down.
Is there an evil worſe than fear itſelf?
And what avails it that indulgent Heav'n
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come
If we ingenious to torment ourſelves
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the preſent, nor with needleſs cares
Of what may ſpring from blind Misfortune's womb
Appal the fureſt hour that life beſtows.

Serene, and maſter of yourſelf, prepare
For what may come, and leave the reſt to Heav'n.
Oft' from the body, by long ails miſtun'd,
Theſe evils ſprung the moſt important Health,
That of the mind, deſtroy; and when the mind
They firſt invade the conſcious body ſoon
In ſympathetic languiſhment declines.
Theſe chronic Paſſions, while from real woes
They riſe, and yet without the body's fault
Infeſt the ſoul, admit one only cure,
Diverſion, hurry, and a reſtleſs life.
Vain are the conſolations of the wiſe;
In vain your friends would reaſon down your pain.
O ye whoſe ſouls relentleſs love has tam'd
To ſoft diſtreſs, or friends untimely fall'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought,
Nor deem it impious to forget thoſe pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, ſoft Enthuſiaſt! quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint: go ſeek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling crowd;
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day,
Or join the caravan in queſt of ſcenes
New to your eyes, and ſhifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines,
Or, more advent'rous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging thro' the ſky
The lofty trumpet ſwells the madd'ning ſoul,
And in the hardy camp and toilſome march
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.
But moſt, too paſſive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to ſtrive with pain,
And bravely by reſiſting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
Of poiſon'd nectar ſweet oblivion ſwill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm the gloom diſſolves
In empty air, Elyſium opens round,
A pleaſing frenzy buoys the lighten'd ſoul,

And ſanguine hopes diſpel your fleeting care,
And what was difficult and what was dire
Yields to your proweſs and ſuperior ſtars:
The happieſt you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are or ſhall be, could this folly laſt.
But ſoon your heav'n is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head, and as the thund'ring ſtream,
Swol'n o'er its banks with ſudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a ſilent brook,
So when the frantic raptures in your breaſt
Subſide you languiſh into mortal man;
You ſleep, and waking find yourſelf undone:
For prodigal of life, in one raſh night
You laviſh'd more than might ſupport three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious ſtomach well
May be endur'd, ſo may the throbbing head;
But ſuch a dim delirium, ſuch a dream,
Involves you, ſuch a daſtardly deſpair
Unmans your ſoul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
When baited round Cithæron's cruel ſides
He ſaw two ſuns and double Thebes aſcend.
You curſe the ſluggiſh Port, you curſe the wretch,
The felon, with unnat'ral mixture firſt
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine,
Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
A thouſand curſes, for to heav'n it rapt
Your ſoul to plunge you deeper in deſpair:
Perhaps you rue e'en that divineſt gift,
The gay, ſerene, good-natur'd, Burgundy,
Or the freſh fragrant vintage of the Rhine,
And wiſh that Heav'n from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Beſides, it wounds you ſore to recollect
What follies in your looſe unguarded hour
Eſcap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you loſe a friend;
Or in the rage of wine your haſty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave:
Add that your means, your health, your parts, decay;

Your friends avoid you; brutiſhly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wiſh you well, he wiſhes you in heav'n.
Deſpis'd, unwept, you fall, who might have left
A ſacred, cheriſh'd, ſadly-pleaſing, name,
A name ſtill to be utter'd with a ſigh.
Your laſt ungraceful ſcene has quite effac'd
All ſenſe and mem'ry of your former worth.
How to live happieſt, how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts, of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ,
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere:
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him e'en the diſſolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looſeneſs when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could inſtruct. Much had he read,
Much more had ſeen: he ſtudy'd from the life,
And in the original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life
He pity'd man, and much he pity'd thoſe
Whom falſely-ſmiling Fate has curs'd with means
To diſſipate their days in queſt of joy.
" Our aim is happineſs; 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
(He ſaid;) 'tis the purſuit of all that live;
" Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd:
" But they the wideſt wander from the mark
" Who thro' the flow'ry paths of ſaunt'ring joy
" Seek this coy goddeſs, that from ſtage to ſtage
" Invites us ſtill, but ſhifts as we purſue:
" For not to name the pains that pleaſure brings
" To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
" Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
" Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind
" Our narrow luxuries would ſoon grow ſtale:
" Were theſe exhauſtleſs Nature would grow ſick,
" And cloy'd with pleaſure ſqueamiſhly complain

" That all is vanity, and life a dream.
" Let Nature reſt: be buſy for yourſelf
" And for your friend; be buſy e'en in vain
" Rather than teaſe her ſated appetites.
" Who never faſts no banquet e'er enjoys;
" Who never toils or watches never ſleeps.
" Let Nature reſt; and when the taſte of joy
" Grows keen indulge, but ſhun ſatiety.
" 'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt,
" But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
" Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts,
" And Virtue thro' this labyrinth we tread.
" Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
" Virtue and Senſe are one: and truſt me ſtill
" A faithleſs heart betrays the head unſound.
" Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
" Is ſenſe, and ſpirit with humanity:
" 'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
" 'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
" Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
" But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
" Of Fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
" To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
" This is the ſolid pomp of proſp'rous days,
" The peace and ſhelter of adverſity:
" And if you pant for glory build your fame
" On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
" Defies of Envy and all-ſapping Time.
" The gaudy gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
" The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
" The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
" By Senſe alone and dignity of mind.
" Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
" Is the beſt gift of Heav'n, a happineſs
" That e'en above the ſmiles and frowns of Fate
" Exalts great Nature's fav'rites, a wealth
" That ne'er incumbers nor can be transferr'd.
" Riches are oft' by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd,
" Or dealt by Chance to ſhield a lucky knave,
" Or throw a cruel ſunſhine on a fool:

" But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
" Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
" Are few, and without opulence ſupply'd)
" This noble end is to produce the ſoul,
" To ſhew their virtues in their faireſt light,
" To make Humanity the miniſter
" Of bounteous Providence, and teach the breaſt
" That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy."
Thus in his graver vein the friendly ſage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard,
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Paſſions, how to check their ſway
He knew, as far as Reaſon can controul
The lawleſs pow'rs. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the ſchool of Pæon I relate
What Paſſions hurt the body, what improve;
Avoid them or invite them as you may.
Know then, whatever cheerful and ſerene
Supports the mind ſupports the body too:
Hence the moſt vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and life blood of the ſoul:
It pleaſes, and it laſts. Indulgent Heav'n
Sent down the kind deluſion thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.
Our greateſt good, and what we leaſt can ſpare,
Is hope; the laſt of all our evils fear.
But there are Paſſions grateful to the breaſt
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they pleaſe
Or to exceſs, and diſſipate the ſoul,
Or while they pleaſe torment. The ſtubborn clown,
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale uſurer,
(If Love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love, and grow
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in ſuch boſoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleaſes: but ye finer Souls!
Form'd to ſoft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pain,

That beauty gives, with caution and reſerve
Indulge the ſweet deſtroyer of repoſe,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares;
For while the cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt
Ferments and maddens, ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or e'en with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and pow'rs of life
Diſſolve in languor: the coy ſtomach loathes
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone;
The gen'rous bloom that flufh'd your cheeks is fled:
To ſighs devoted and to tender pains
Penſive you ſit, or ſolitary ſtray,
And waſte your youth in muſing: muſing firſt
Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart;
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,
And that fomented into ſerious love,
Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondneſs and romance;
And you're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no:
The body waſtes away, th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heav'n! from ſuch intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breaſts! not that I deem
Love always dang'rous, always to be ſhunn'd;
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,
Adds bloom to Health, o'er ev'ry virtue ſheds
A gay, humane, a ſweet, and gen'rous, grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man:
But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too ſerious, or too languiſhingly fond,
Unnerves the body, and unmans the ſoul.
And ſome have dy'd for love, and ſome run mad,
And ſome with deſp'rate hands themſelves have ſlain.
Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dang'rous fair
Court all they meet, in hopes to diſſipate

The cares of love amongſt an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful; for there are who find
A cure in this, there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief alas! it rather galls
The wound to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick;
For while from fev'riſh and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the ſoul ſubſides,
The tender fancy ſmarts with ev'ry ſting,
And what was love before is madneſs now.
Is Health your care, or luxury your aim?
Be temp'rate ſtill: when Nature bids obey;
Her wild impatient ſallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight
Or looſe imagination ſpurs you on
To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To Nature; Nature all compulſion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might ſleep without,
To make what ſhould be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious taſk, nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down;
For from the colliquation of ſoft joys
How chang'd you riſe! the ghoſt of what you was!
Languid and melancholy, and gaunt and wan,
Your veins exhauſted, and your nerves unſtrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and ſprightly zeſt, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each ſlight impulſe tremblingly awake)
A ſubtile fiend that mimics all the plagues,
Rapid and reſtleſs ſprings from part to part:
The blooming honours of your youth are fall'n,
Your vigour pines, your vital pow'rs decay,
Diſeaſes haunt you, and untimely age
Creeps on, unſocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, Epicure! to waſte
The ſtores of pleaſure, cheerfulneſs, and Health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition ev'ry hour purſue.
Who pines with love, or in laſcivious flames
Conſumes, is with his own conſent undone:

He chuſes to be wretched, to be mad,
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there is a Paſſion whoſe tempeſtuous ſway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breaſt,
And ſhakes to ruins proud Philoſophy:
For pale and trembling Anger ruſhes in
With falt'ring ſpeech, and eyes that wildly ſtare,
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the ſeas,
Deſp'rate, and arm'd with more than human ſtrength.
How ſoon the calm, humane, and poliſh'd, man
Forgets compunction, and ſtarts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or waſtes with ſilent cares,
Envy or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly deſcends and ling'ring to the ſhades;
But he whom anger ſtings drops if he dies
At, once, and ruſhes apoplectic down,
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell:
For as the body thro' unnumber'd ſtrings
Reverberates each vibration of the ſoul,
As is the Paſſion ſuch is ſtill the pain
The body feels or chronic or acute;
And oft' a ſudden ſtorm at once o'erpow'rs
The life, or gives your reaſon to the winds.
Such fates attend the raſh alarm of fear
And ſudden grief, and rage, and ſudden joy.
There are meantime to whom the boiſt'rous fit
Is Health, and only fills the ſails of life:
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
A gen'rous ſally ſpurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breaſt, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably ſtrung,
Wave all diſpute; be cautious if you joke;
Keep lent for ever, and forſwear the bowl;
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades,
Or ſhatters ev'ry hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague

That ruins, tortures, or diſtracts, mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes ſo horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more ſudden blows.
While choler works, good Friend! you may be wrong;
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight:
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If Honour bids to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice againſt a raging fit
Avails too little: and it braves the pow'r
Of all that ever taught in proſe or ſong
To tame the fiend that ſleeps a gentle lamb
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm
You reaſon well, ſee as you ought to ſee,
And wonder at the madneſs of mankind;
Seiz'd with the common rage you ſoon forget
The ſpeculations of your wiſer hours:
Beſet with Furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow,
With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
What refuge ſhall we ſeek, what arms prepare?
Where reaſon proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with ſubtile or impetuous pow'rs,
I would invoke new Paſſions to your aid;
With indignation would extinguiſh fear,
With fear or gen'rous pity vanquiſh rage,
And love with pride, and force to force oppoſe.
There is a charm, a pow'r, that ſways the breaſt,
Bids ev'ry paſſion revel or be ſtill,
Inſpires with rage, or all your cares diſſolves,
Can ſooth diſtraction, and almoſt deſpair:
That pow'r is muſic; far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage,
Thoſe clumſy heroes, thoſe fat-headed gods,
Who move no Paſſion juſtly but contempt,
Who like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong!)
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is our's; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts,
Good Heav'n! we praiſe them; we with loudeſt peals
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels,

And with insipid shew of rapture die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heav'n's own fire,
Who with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes, the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard whose heav'nly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul;
Such was, if old and Heathen fame say true,
The man who bad the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian whose melodious lyre
Tun'd to soft woe made all the mountains weep,
Sooth'd e'en th' inexorable pow'rs of hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One pow'r of Physic, Melody, and Song.

OF BENEVOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

First printed in the Year 1751.*

KIND to my frailties still Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear,
Not oft' I sing: the happier for the Town;
So stunn'd already they're quite stupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.

* This little piece was addressed to a worthy gentleman, as an expression of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the Author a great piece of service.

Happy for them I ſeldom court the Nine;
Another art, a ſerious art, is mine.
Of nauſeous verſes offer'd once a week,
"You cannot ſay I did it" if you're ſick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to ſhine by flaſhy fits
Amongſt the daily, weekly, monthly, wits:
Content if ſome few friends indulge my name,
So ſlightly am I ſtung with love of fame,
I would not ſcrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praiſe of all the Magazines.
Yet once a moon perhaps I ſteal a night,
And if our ſire Apollo pleaſes write.
You ſmile; but all the train the Muſe that follow,
Chriſtians and dunces, ſtill we quote Apollo:
Unhappy ſtill our poets will rehearſe
To Goths, that ſtare aſtoniſh'd at their verſe,
To the rank tribes ſubmit their virgin lays;
So groſs, ſo beſtial is the luſt of praiſe!
I to ſound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to thoſe who moſt my ſubject feel.
Eumenes, theſe dry moral lines I truſt
With you, whom nought that's moral can diſguſt:
With you I venture in plain homeſpun ſenſe
What I imagine of Benevolence.
Of all the monſters of the humankind
What ſtrikes you moſt is the low ſelfiſh mind.
You wonder how without one lib'ral joy
The ſteady miſer can his years employ,
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Deſpis'd and hated how he bears to live.
With honeſt warmth of heart, with ſome degree
Of pity that ſuch wretched things ſhould be,
You ſcorn the ſordid knave.—He grins at you,
And deems himſelf the wiſer of the two.—
'Tis all but taſte howe'er we ſift the caſe:
He has his joy, as ev'ry creature has.
'Tis true he cannot boaſt an angel's ſhare,
Yet has what happineſs his organs bear.
Thou likewiſe mad'ſt the high ſeraphic ſoul
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl:

Heav'n form'd him too, and doubtleſs for ſome uſe,
But Cranecourt knows not yet all Nature's views.
'Tis chiefly taſte, or blunt, or groſs, or fine,
Makes life inſipid, beſtial, or divine.
Better be born with taſte to little rent
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty, which the gods beſtow,
Can Fortune make one fav'rite happy?—No:
As well might Fortune in her frolic vein
Proclaim an oyſter ſov'reign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and boſom juſtly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majeſtic Wren expands the dome,
Blank as pale ſtucco Rubens lines the room,
Loſt are the raptures of bold Handel's ſtrain,
Great Tully ſtorms, ſweet Virgil ſings in vain;
The beauteous forms of Nature are effac'd,
Tempe's ſoft charms, the raging wat'ry waſte,
Each greatly wild, each ſweet romantic ſcene,
Unheeded riſes, and almoſt unſeen.
Yet theſe are joys with ſome of better clay
To ſooth the toils of life's embarraſs'd way;
Theſe the fine frame with charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all taſte the nobleſt and the beſt,
The firſt enjoyment of the gen'rous breaſt,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious ſtate
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate:
Fair views of Nature, ſhining works of art,
Amuſe the fancy, but thoſe touch the heart.
Chiefly for this proud epic ſong delights,
For this ſome riot on th' Arabian Nights.
Each caſe is our's; and for the human mind
'Tis monſtrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy who could taſte
Elyſium, or be ſolitar'ly bleſt?
Shock'd with ſurrounding ſhapes of human woe,
All that or ſenſe or fancy could beſtow
You would reject with ſick and coy diſdain,
And pant to ſee one cheerful face again.

But if life's better proſpects to behold
So much delight the man of gen'rous mould,
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleaſing view!
This is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed!
Dame Fortune has ſo many fools to feed
She cannot oft' afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles where Nature ſmil'd before.
To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend,
With better fortune to ſurpriſe a friend,
To cheer the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate,
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate,
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such gen'rous deeds as we with tears admire,
Deeds that above ambition's vulgar aim
Secure an amiable, a ſolid fame;
Theſe are ſuch joys as Heav'n's firſt fav'rites ſeize;
Theſe pleaſe you now, and will for ever pleaſe.
Too ſeldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the pow'rs, th' occaſion, muſt conſpire:
Yet few there are ſo impotent and low
But can ſome ſmall good offices beſtow:
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add ſtill ſomething to the gen'ral ſum;
And him who gives the little in his pow'r
The world acquits, and Heav'n demands no more.
Unhappy he who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can beſtow!
Unhappy too who feels each kind eſſay,
And for great favours has but words to pay,
Who ſcornful of the flatt'rer's fawning art
Dreads e'en to pour his gratitude of heart,
And with a diſtant lover's ſilent pain
Muſt the beſt movements of his ſoul reſtrain!
But men ſagacious to explore mankind,
Trace e'en the coyeſt paſſions of the mind.
Not only to the good we owe good will;
In good and bad diſtreſs demands it ſtill:
This with the gen'rous lays diſtinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.

Not that reſentment never ought to riſe,
For e'en exceſs of virtue ranks with vice;
And there are villainies no bench can awe,
That ſport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungen'rous crime would reprehend
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pill'ry claim
The wretch who blaſts a helpleſs virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd its nor unjuſt nor mean
To ſeize the proper time for honeſt ſpleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor e'en inſult the baſe in humbled ſtate;
But thriving Malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis ſomewhat late to be ſo primitive.
But I detain you with theſe tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read and fewer praiſe.
No matter, could I pleaſe the poliſh'd few
Who taſte the ſerious or the gay like you.
The ſqueamiſh mob may find my verſes bare
Of ev'ry grace—but curſe me if I care.
Beſides, I little court Parnaſſian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it ſaid
That I with you the paths of honour tread,
Than that amongſt the proud poetic train
No Modern boaſted a more claſſic vein,
Or that in numbers I let looſe my ſong
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn ſtrong.

TASTE.

AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

First printed in the Year 1753.

Proferre quæ ſentiat cur quiſquam liber dubitet?--Malim, Mehercule, ſolus inſanire, quam ſobrius aut plebis aut patrum deliberationibus ignaviter aſſentari. Autor Anonym. Fragm.

RANGE from Tow'rhill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple t' utmoſt Groſvenor Street,
Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn,
Miſs not be ſure my Lords and Gentlemen,
You'll hardly raiſe, as I with Petty * gueſs,
Above twelve thouſand men of Taſte, unleſs
In deſp'rate times a Connoiſſeur may paſs.
"Connoiſſeur! what's that?" 'Tis hard to ſay;
But you muſt oft' amidſt the fair and gay
Have ſeen a wou'd be rake, a flutt'ring fool,
Who ſwears he loves the ſex with all his ſoul.
Alas, vain Youth! doſt thou admire ſweet Jones?
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!
You'd ſplit to hear th' inſipid coxcomb cry,
"Ah charming Nanny! it is too much! I die!"—
"Die and be damn'd, (ſays one;) but let me teil ye
"I'll pay the loſs if ever rapture kill ye."
'Tis eaſy learnt the art to talk by rote,
At Nando's 'twill but coſt you half a groat;
The Bedford School at three-pence is not dear Sir;
At White's—the ſtars inſtruct you for a teſter:
But he whom Nature never meant to ſhare
One ſpark of Taſte will never catch it there—
Nor no where elſe, howe'er the booby beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.
Good native Taſte, tho' rude, is ſeldom wrong,
Be it in muſic, painting, or in ſong:

* Sir William Petty, Author of The Political Arithmetic.

But this as well as other faculties
Improves with age, and ripens by degrees.
I know my Dear, 'tis needleſs to deny 't,
You like Voiture; you think him wondrous bright;
But ſev'n years hence, your reliſh more matur'd,
What now delights will hardly be endur'd.
The boy may live to taſte Racine's fine charms
Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:
But he enfranchis'd from his tutor's care,
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair,
Or with Eraſmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squabhall, of merry memory,
Will die a Goth, and nod at Woden's * feaſt
Th' eternal winter long on Greg'ry's † breaſt.
Long may he ſwill this patriarch of the dull
The drowſy mum—but touch not Maro's ſkull!
His holy barb'rous dotage ſought to doom,
Good Heav'n! th' immortal Claſſics to the tomb!—
Thoſe ſacred lights ſhall bid new genius riſe
When all Rome's ſaints have rotted from the ſkies.
Be theſe your guides if at the ivy crown
You aim, each country's claſſics and your own;
But chiefly with the Ancients paſs your prime,
And drink Caſtalia at the fountain's brim.
The man to genuine Burgundy bred up,
Soon ſtarts the daſh of Methuen in his cup.
Thoſe ſov'reign maſters of the Muſe's ſkill,
Are the true patterns of good writing ſtill:
Their ore was rich, and ſev'n times purg'd of lead;
Their art ſeem'd Nature, 'twas ſo finely hid.
Tho' born with all the pow'rs of writing well,
What pains it coſt they did not bluſh to tell.
Their eaſe (my Lords!) ne'er loung'd for want of fire,
Nor did their rage thro' affectation tire;

* Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's Hall, where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors, out of the ſkulls of thoſe whom they had ſlain in battle.

† Pope Gregory VI. diſtinguiſhed by the name of St. Gregory, whoſe pious zeal in the time of barbarous ignorance and prieſtly tyranny exerted itſelf in demoliſhing to the utmoſt of his power all the remains of Heathen genius.

Free from all tawdry, and impoſing glare,
They truſted to their native grace of air:
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling ſoul they ſeize,
Or ſly coy beauties ſteal it by degrees:
The more you view them ſtill the more they pleaſe.
Yet there are thouſands of ſcholaſtic merit
Who worm their ſenſe out but ne'er taſte their ſpirit,
Witneſs each pedant under Bentley bred,
Each commentator that e'er commented:
(You ſcarce can ſeize a ſpot of plaſtic ground,
With leagues of Dutch moraſs ſo floated round)
Witneſs—But Sir I hold a cautious pen,
Left I ſhould wrong ſome honourable men.
They grow enthuſiaſts too—'Tis true! 'tis pity!
But 'tis not ev'ry lunatic that's witty.
Some have run Maro—and ſome Milton—mad;
Aſhley once turn'd a ſolid barber's head:
Hear all that's ſaid, or printed if you can,
Aſhley has turn'd more ſolid heads than one.
Let ſuch admire each great or ſpecious name,
For right or wrong the joy to them's the ſame.
"Right!" Yes, a thouſand times.—Each fool has heard
That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Deſpiſe them civilly with all my heart—
But to convince them is a deſp'rate part.
Why ſhould you teaſe one for what ſecret cauſe
One dotes on Horace, or on Hudibras?
'Tis cruel Sir, 'tis needleſs, to endeavour
To teach a ſot of Taſte—he knows no flavour.
To diſunite I neither wiſh nor hope
A ſtubborn blockhead from his fav'rite fop:
Yes—fop I ſay, were Maro's ſelf before 'em,
For Maro's ſelf grows dull as they pore o'er him.
But hear their raptures o'er ſome ſpecious rhyme
Dubb'd by the muſk'd and greaſy mob ſublime;
For ſpleen's dear ſake hear how a coxcomb prates,
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats:
"Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
"To ſoften rocks and oaks,"—and all the reſt:

" I've heard"—Bleſs theſe long ears!—" Heav'ns
" what a ſtrain!
" Good God! what thunders burſt in this Campaign!
" Hark, Waller warbles! Ah! how ſweetly killing!
" Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!
" Rowe breathes all Shakeſpeare here!—That ode of
" Is Spenſer quite! egad his very fire!— [Prior
" As like"—Yes, faith! as gumflow'rs to the roſe,
Or as to claret flat Minorca's doſe;
As like as (if I am not groſſly wrong)
Erle Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer ſung.
Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruſe
Each fav'rite modern, e'en each ancient Muſe.
With all the comic ſalt and tragic rage
The great ſtupendous genius of our ſtage,
Boaſt of our iſland, pride of humankind,
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind;
His frailties are to ev'ry goſſip known,
Yet Milton's pedantries not ſhock the Town.
Ne'er be the dupe of names however high,
For ſome outlive good parts, ſome miſapply.
Each elegant Spectator you admire,
But muſt you therefore ſwear by Cato's fire?
Maſks for the court, and oft' a clumſy jeſt,
Diſgrac'd the Muſe that wrought the Alchemiſt.
" But to the Ancients."—Faith! I am not clear,
For all the ſmooth round type of Elzevir,
That ev'ry work which laſts in proſe or ſong
Two thouſand years deſerves to laſt ſo long:
For not to mention ſome eternal blades
Known only now in academic ſhades,
(Thoſe ſacred groves where raptur'd ſpirits ſtray,
And in word-hunting waſte the livelong day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics ſcan,
Do read Meſſala's * praiſes if you can.
Ah! who but feels the ſweet contagious ſmart
While ſoft Tibullus pours his tender heart?

* A poem of Tibullus in hexameter verſe, as yawning and inſipid as his Elegies are tender and natural.

With him the Loves and Muſes melt in tears,
But not a word of ſome hexameters.
" You grow ſo ſqueamiſh and ſo dev'liſh dry
" You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I:
Some find him tedious, others think him lame,
But if he lags his ſubject is to blame,
Rough weary roads thro' barren wilds he try'd,
Yet ſtill he marches with true Roman pride;
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
He ſtreams athwart the philoſophic night.
Find you in Horace no inſipid odes?—
He dar'd to tell us Homer ſometimes nods;
And but for ſuch a critic's hardy ſkill
Homer might ſlumber unſuſpected ſtill.
Taſteleſs, implicit, indolent, and tame,
At ſecond-hand we chiefly praiſe or blame:
Hence it is, for elſe one knows not why nor how,
Some authors flouriſh for a year or two,
For many ſome; more wondrous ſtill to tell
Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell:
Of ſolid merit others pine unknown;
At firſt tho' Carlos * ſwimmingly went down
Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town:
Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay
Till Somer's hand produc'd him to the day;
But thanks to Heav'n and Addiſon's good grace
Now ev'ry fop is charm'd with Chevy Chaſe.
Specious and ſage the ſov'reign of the flock
Led to the downs, or from the wave worn rock
Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train
Or crop the downs or headlong ſeek the main:
As blindly we our ſolemn leaders follow,
And good, and bad, and execrable ſwallow.
Pray, on the firſt throng'd ev'ning of a play
That wears the *facies Hippocratica* †,
Strong lines of death, ſigns dire of reprobation,
Have you not ſeen the angel of ſalvation

* Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and juſtly forgotten, went off with great applauſe, while bis Orphan, a ſomewhat better performance, and what is yet more ſtrange his Venice Preſerved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of thoſe times, met with a very cold reception.

† The appearance of the face in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, as it is deſcribed by Hippocrates.

Appear ſublime, with wiſe and ſoleman rap
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap?—
The rabble knows not where our dramas ſhine,
But where the cane goes pat—" By G—that's fine!"
Judge for yourſelf, nor wait with timid phlegm
Till ſome illuſtrious pedant hum or hem.
The lords who ſtarv'd Old Ben were learn'dly fond
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd:
Their ſons' whoſe ears bold Milton could not ſeize,
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and ſnuff and ſneeze,
And ſwear, and ſeem as tickled as you pleaſe:
Their ſpawn, the pride of this ſublimer age,
Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage,
Tho' liv'd he now he might appeal with ſcorn
To lords, knights, 'ſquires, and doctors, yet unborn,
Or juſtly mad to Moloch's burning fane
Devote the choiceſt children of his brain.
Judge for yourſelf, and as you find report
Of wit as freely as of beef or port.
Zounds! ſhall a pert or bluff important wight,
Whoſe brain is fancileſs, whoſe blood is white,
A mumbling ape of Taſte, preſcribe us laws
To try the poets, for no better cauſe
Than that he boaſts *per ann.* ten thouſand clear,
Yelps in the Houſe, or barely ſits a peer?
For ſhame! for ſhame! the lib'ral Britiſh ſoul
To ſtoop to any ſtale Dictator's rule!
I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
But right or wrong with friends with foes't will out.
Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain
Of trite invention and a flimſy vein,
Tame characters, unintereſting, jejune,
And paſſions dryly copy'd from Le Brun*:
For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men gen'rous Fenelon.

* Firſt painter to Lewis XIV. who, to ſpeak in faſhionable French Engliſh, called himſelf Lewis the Great. Our ſovereign lords the paſſions, Love, Rage, Deſpair, &c. were graciouſly pleaſed to ſit to him in their turns for their portraits, which he was generous enough to communicate to the public, to the great improvement no doubt of hiſtory painting. It was he who they ſaid poiſoned LeSueur, who, without half his advantages, in many other reſpects was ſo unreaſonable and provoking as to diſplay a genius with which his own could ſtand no compariſon. It was he and his Gothic diſciples who with fly ſcratches defaced the moſt maſterly of this Le Sueur's performances as often as their barbarous envy could ſnugly reach them. Yet after all theſe achievements he died in his bed! a cataſtrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the fine arts are zealouſly and judiciouſly patroniſed as they are well underſtood.

But in the name of goodneſs! muſt I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could ſee?
And then to flatter where there's no reward—
Better be any patron-hunting bard,
Who half our lords with filthy praiſe beſmears,
And ſing an anthem to all miniſters,
Taſte th' Attic ſalt in ev'ry peer's poor rebus,
And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.
Alas! ſo far from free, ſo far from brave,
We dare not ſhew the little taſte we have.
With us you'll ſee ev'n vanity control
The moſt refin'd ſenſations of the ſoul.
Sad Otway's ſcenes, great Shakeſpeare's we defy:
"Lard, Madam! it is ſo unpolite to cry!—
"For ſhame, my Dear! d'ye credit all this ſtuff?—
"I vow—Well this is innocent enough?"
At Athens long ago the ladies—(marry'd)
Dreamt not they miſbehav'd tho' they miſcarry'd
When a wild poet with licentious rage
Turn'd fifty Furies looſe upon the ſtage.
They were ſo tender and ſo eaſy mov'd,
Heav'ns! how the Grecian ladies muſt have lov'd!
For all the fine ſenſations ſtill have dwelt
Perhaps where one was exquiſitely felt:
Thus he who heav'nly Maro truly feels
Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
The groſſer ſenſes too, the taſte, the ſmell,
Are likely trueſt where the fine prevail:
Who doubts that Horace muſt have cater'd well?
Friend, I'm a ſhrewd obſerver, and will gueſs
What books you dote on from your fav'rite meſs.
Brown and L'Eſtrange will ſurely charm whome'er
The frothy pertneſs ſtrikes of weak ſmall beer.
Who ſteeps the calf's fat loin in greaſy ſauce
Will hardly loathe the praiſe that baſtes an aſs;
Who riots on Scotch collops ſcorns not any
Inſipid, fulſome, traſhy, miſcellany;
And who devours what'er the cook can diſh up
Will for a claſſic conſecrate each biſhop *
But I am ſick of pen and ink, and you
Will find this Letter long enough. Adieu.

* See Felton's Claſſics.

IMITATIONS.

Advertisement to the Publisher.

THE following Imitation of Shakespeare, was one of our Author's first attempts in Poetry, made when he was very young: it helped to amuse the solitude of a winter past in a wild romantic country: and what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated Poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He shewed it to his poetical friends Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who it seems did great honor to it, and the first mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring that Author's leave to publish it, a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted: but Mr. Mallet altered his mind, and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

The other Imitations of Shakespeare happened to have been saved out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of Tereus and Philomela, attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for such achievements: however they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little repast of scraps.

IMITATIONS

OF SHAKESPEARE.

NOW Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the ſouth ſide of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the livelong day;
While Winter riſing pale from northern ſeas
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum:
A blaſt ſo ſhrewd makes the tall-body'd pines
Unſinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their ſavage tenements.
Now blows the ſurly north, and chills throughout
The ſtiff'ning regions, while by ſtronger charms
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd,
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks
Lies all beſtill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the wither'd reeds; and the raſh flood
That from the mountains held its headſtrong courſe,
Bury'd in livid ſheets of vaulting ice,
Seen thro' the ſhameful breaches, idly creeps
To pay a ſcanty tribute to the ocean.
What wonder? when the floating wilderneſs
That ſcorns our miles, and calls geography
A ſhallow pryer, from whoſe unſteady mirror
The high-hung pole ſurveys his dancing locks,
When this ſtill raving deep lies mute and dead,
Nor heaves its ſwelling boſom to the winds.
The ſurges baited by the fierce north-eaſt,
Toſſing with fretful ſpleen their angry heads
To roar and ruſh together.
E'en in the foam of all their madneſs ſtruck
To monumental ice ſtand all aſtride
The rocks they waſh'd ſo late. Such execution,
So ſtern, ſo ſudden, wrought the griſly aſpect
Of terrible Meduſa ere young Perſeus
With his keen ſabre cropt her horrid head,
And laid her ſerpents rolling in the duſt,

When wand'ring thro' the woods ſhe frown'd to ſtone
Their ſavage tenants ; juſt as the foaming lion
Sprung furious on his prey her ſpeedier pow'r
Out run his haſte: no time to languiſh in,
But fix'd in that fierce attitude he ſtands
Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argoſies
Lie wedgd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abyſm
Has chang'd our ſhips to horſes ; the ſwift bark
Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart,
That now from iſle to iſle maintain the trade,
And where the ſurface-hunting dolphin led
Her ſporting young is now an area fit
For the wild ſchool-boy's paſtime.
Mean-time the ev'ning ſkies, cruſted with ice,
Shifting from red to black their weighty ſkirts,
Hang mournful o'er the hills, and ſtealing night
Rides the bleak puffing winds, that ſeem to ſpit
Their foam ſparſe thro' the welkin, which is nothing
If not beheld. Anon the burden'd heav'n
Shakes from its ample ſieve the boulted ſnow,
That flutt'ring down beſprinkles the ſad trees
In mockery of leaves, piles up the hills
To monſtrous attitude, and chokes to the lips
The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
As to the centre, Nature's vaſty breaches,
While all the pride of men and mortal things
Lies whelm'd in heav'n's white ruins.—
The ſhiv'ring clown digs his obſtructed way
Thro' the ſnow-barricad'd cottage door,
And muffled in his home-ſpun plaid encounters
With livid cheeks and rheum-diſtilling noſe
The morning's ſharp and ſcouring breath to count
His ſtarving flock, whoſe number is all too ſhort
To make the goodly ſum of yeſter-night ;
Part deep ingurgitated, part yet ſtruggling,
With their laſt pantings melt themſelves a grave
In Winter's boſom, which yields not to the touch
Of the pale languid creſcent of this world,
That now with lean and churliſh huſbandry

Yields heartleſſly the remnants of his prime,
And like moſt ſpendthrifts ſtarves his latter days
For former rankneſs. He with bleary eye
Blazons his own diſgrace, the harneſs'd waſte
Rebellious to his blunt defeated ſhafts,
And idly ſtrikes the chalky mountains' tops
That riſe to kiſs the welkin's ruddy lips,
Where all the raſh young bullies of the air
Mount their quick ſlender penetrating wings,
Whipping the froſt-burnt villagers to the bones,
And growing with their motion mad and furious,
Till ſwoln to tempeſts they outrage the thunder,
Winnow the chaffy ſnow, and mock the ſkies
E'en with their own artillery retorted,
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills
Into the vallies: and as rude hurricanes
Diſcharged from the wind-ſwoln cheeks of heav'n
Buoy up the ſwilling ſkirts of Araby's
Inhoſpitable wilds,
And roll the duſty deſert thro' the ſkies,
Choking the liberal air, and ſmoth'ring
Whole caravans at once, ſuch havock ſpreads
This war of heav'n and earth, ſuch ſudden ruin
Viſits their houſeleſs citizens, that ſhrink
In the falſe ſhelter of the hills together,
And hear the tempeſt howling o'er their heads
That by and by o'erwhelm them. The very birds,
Thoſe few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe
Of am'rous Summer, quit their ruffian element,
And with domeſtic tameneſs hop and flutter
Within the roofs of perſecuting man,
(Grown hoſpitable by like ſenſe of ſuff'rance)
Whither the hinds, the debt of the day diſcharg'd,
From kiln or barn repairing, ſhut the door
On ſurly Winter, crowd the clean-ſwept hearth
And cheerful ſhining fire, and doff the time,
The whilſt the maids their twirling ſpindles ply
With muſty legends and ear-pathing tales
Of giants and black necromantic bards,

Of air-built caſtles, feats of mad-cap knights,
And ev'ry hollow fiction of romance,
And as their rambling humour leads them talk
Of prodigies and things of dreadful utt'rance
That ſet them all agape, rouſe up their hair,
And make the idiot drops ſtart from their eyes;
Of church yards belching flames at dead of night,
Of walking ſtatues, ghoſts unaffable
Hunting the dark waſte tow'r of airleſs dungeon,
Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
Drinking the ſummer's moon-light from the flow'rs,
And all the toys that Phantaſy pranks up
T' amuſe her fools withal.—Thus they laſh on
The ſnail-pac'd Hyperborean nights till heav'n
Hangs with a juſter poize, when the murk clouds
Roll'd up in heavy wreaths low bellying ſeem
To kiſs the ground, and all the waſte of ſnow dropſy
Looks blue beneath 'em, till plump'd with bloating
Beyond the bounds and ſtretch of continence
They burſt at once; down pours the hoarded rain,
Waſhing the ſlipp'ry winter from the hills,
And floating all the vallies. The fading ſcene
Melts like a loſt enchantment or vain phantaſm
That can no more abuſe; Nature reſumes
Her old ſubſtantial ſhape, while from the waſte
Of undiſtinguiſhing calamity
Foreſts, and by their ſides, wide ſkirted plains,
Houſes and trees, ariſe, and waters flow,
That from their dark confinements burſting, ſpurn
Their brittle chains, huge ſheets of looſen'd ice
Float on their boſoms to the deep, and jar
And clatter as they paſs; th' o'er jutting banks,
As long unpractis'd to ſo ſteep a view,
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.
    Now ev'ry petty brook that crawld along
Railing its pebbles mocks the river's rage
Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge Danube,
While melting mountains ruſh into its tide,
Rolls with ſuch headſtrong and unreined courſe
As it would choke the Euxine's gulfy maw,

Burſting his cryſtal cerements. The breathing time
Of peace expir'd that huſh'd the deaf'ning ſcenes
Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian War
Rebels, and Nature ſtands at odds again :
When the rous'd Furies of the fighting winds
Torment the main, that ſwells its angry ſides
And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws,
While thro' the ſavage dungeon of the night
The horrid thunder growls : th' ambitious waves
Aſſault the ſkies, and from the burſting clouds
Drink the glib lightning, as if the ſeas
Would quench the ever-burning fires of heav'n ;
Strait from their ſlipp'ry pomp they madly plunge
And kiſs the loweſt pebbles. Wretched they
That 'midſt ſuch rude vexation of the deep
Guide a frail veſſel ! better ice-bound ſtill,
Than mock'd with liberty thus be reſign'd
To the rough fortune of the froward time,
When navigation all a-tiptoe ſtands
On ſuch unſteady footing. Now they mount
On the tall billow's top, and ſeem to jowl
Againſt the ſtars, whence (dreadful eminence !)
They ſee with ſwimming eyes (enough to hurry round
In endleſs vertigo the dizzy brain)
A gulf that ſwallows viſion with wide mouth
Steep-yawning to receive them ; down they duck
To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
The adamantine gates of vaulted hell ;
Thence toſs'd to light again, till borne adrift
Againſt ſome icy mountain's bulging ſides
They reel, and are no more.—Nor leſs by land
Ravage the winds that in their wayward rage
Howl thro' the wide unhoſpitable glens,
That rock the ſtable planted tow'rs, and ſhake
The hoary monuments of ancient time
Down to their flinty baſes, that engage
As they would tear the mountains from their roots,
And bruſh the high heav'ns with their woody heads,
Making the ſtout oaks bow.—But I forget
That ſprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heel.

Ceaſe we theſe notes, too tragic for the time,
Nor jar againſt great Nature's ſymphony,
When ev'n the bluſt'rous elements grow tuneful
Or liſten to the concert. Hark! how loud
The cuckoo wakes the ſolitary wood!
Soft ſighs the winds as o'er the greens they ſtray,
And murm'ring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE's DREAM.

Darkly expreſſive of ſome paſt Events that were ſoon to be revealed to her.

——————LAST night I dream'd,
(Whate'er it may forbode it moves me ſtrangely)
That I was rapt into the raving deep:
An old and rev'rend ſire conducted me;
He plung'd into the boſom of the main,
And bad me not to fear but follow him.
I follow'd; with impetuous ſpeed we div'd,
And heard the daſhing thunder o'er our heads.
Many a ſlipp'ry fathom down we ſunk,
Beneath all plummets' ſound, and reach'd the bottom.
When there I aſk'd my venerable guide
If he could tell me where my ſiſter was?
He told me that ſhe lay not far from thence,
Within the boſom of a flinty rock,
Where Neptune kept her for his paramour
Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's ſight,
And ſaid he could conduct me to the place.
I begg'd he wou'd. Thro' dreadful ways we paſs'd,
'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either ſide,
Whence here and there the branching coral ſprung,
O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold and gems,
Into a hideous kind of wilderneſs,
Where ſtood a ſtern and priſon looking rock,
Daub'd with a moſſy verdure all around,
The mockery of paint. As we drew near
Out ſprung a hydra from a den below,

A ſpeckled Fury ; fearfully it hiſs'd,
And roll'd its ſea-green eyes ſo angrily
As it wou'd kill with looking. My old guide
Againſt its ſharp head hurl'd a rugged ſtone—
The curling monſter rais'd a brazen ſhriek,
Wallow'd, and dy'd in fitful agonies.
We gain'd the cave. Thro' woven adamant
I look'd, and ſaw my ſiſter all alone :
Employ'd ſhe ſeem'd in writing ſomething ſad,
So ſad ſhe look'd. Her cheek was wond'rous wan ;
Her mournful locks like weary ſedges hung.
I call'd—ſhe turning ſtarted when ſhe ſaw me,
And threw her head aſide as if aſham'd.
She wept, but would not ſpeak—I call'd again :
Still ſhe was mute—Then madly I addreſt,
With all the lion-ſinews of deſpair,
To break the flinty ribs that held me out,
And with the ſtruggling wak'd.—

A STORM.

Raiſed to account for the late return of a Meſſenger.

———THE ſun went down in wrath,
The ſkies foam'd braſs, and ſoon th' unchained winds
Burſt from the howling dungeon of the north,
And rais'd ſuch high delirium on the main,
Such angry clamour, while ſuch boiling waves
Flaſh'd on the peeviſh eye of moody night,
It look'd as if the ſeas would ſcald the heav'ns:
Still louder chid the winds, th' enchaſed ſurge
Still anſwer'd louder, and when the ſickly Morn
Peep'd ruefully thro' the bloated thick brow'd eaſt
To view the ruinous havoc of the dark
The ſtately tow'rs of Athens ſeem'd to ſtand
On hollow foam tide whipt: the ſhips that lay
Scorning the blaſt within the marble arms
Of the ſea-chid Portumnus danc'd like corks
Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other,
And ſome were daſh'd to fragments in this fray
Againſt the harbour's rocky cheſt: the ſea
So roar'd, ſo madly rag'd, ſo proudly ſwell'd,
As it would thunder full into the ſtreets,
And ſteep the tall Cecropian battlements
In foaming brine: the airy citadel,
Perch'd like an eagle on a high brow'd rock,
Shook the ſalt water from its ſtubborn ſides
With eager quaking: the Cyclades appear'd
Like ducking cormorants.—Such a munity
Outclamor'd all tradition, and gain'd belief
To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
Sev'n days it ſtorm'd, &c.

AN IMITATION

OF SPENSER;

Written at Mr. Thomſon's deſire, to be inſerted into The Caſtle of Indolence.

I

FULL many a fiend did haunt this houſe of reſt,
And made of paſſive wights an eaſy prey.
Here lethargy, with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his ſides, and ſnored night and day:
To ſtir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraightway:
He led I ween the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain or ſtrife to yield the breath.

II.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſie;
Unwieldy man! with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply,
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And here a moping myſtery did ſit,
Mother of Spleen, in ropes of various dye;
She call'd herſelf the Hypochondriac Fit,
And frantick ſeem'd to ſome, to others ſeem'd a wit.

III.

A lady was ſhe whimſical and proud,
Yet oft' thro' fear her pride would crouchen low;
She felt or fancy'd in her flutt'ring mood
All the diſeaſes that the ſpitals know,
And ſought all phyſic that the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try:
'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Sometimes would waxen wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

IV.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs virgin pin'd
With aking head and ſqueamiſh heart burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
But lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhook his chilling wings;
And here the Gout, half tiger, half a ſnake,
Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred ſtings.
Theſe and a thouſand Furies more did ſhake
Thoſe weary realms, and kept eaſe-loving men awake.

Staatliche Bibliothek Bamberg

CONTENTS.

	Page
Advertiſement,	12
Art of Preſerving Health, Book I.	14
——————————— Book II.	23
——————————— Book III.	37
——————————— Book IV.	52
Benevolence. An Epiſtle,	65
Taſte. An Epiſtle,	70
Advertiſement to Imitations,	77
Imitation of Shakeſpeare,	78
Progne's Dream,	83
A Storm,	85
Imitation of Spenſer,	86

Finis.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Advertiſement,	12
Art of Preſerving Health, Book I.	14
——————————— Book II.	23
——————————— Book III.	37
——————————— Book IV.	52
Benevolence. An Epiſtle,	65
Taſte. An Epiſtle,	70
Advertiſement to Imitations,	77
Imitation of Shakeſpeare,	78
Progne's Dream,	83
A Storm,	85
Imitation of Spenſer,	86

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